

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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The Loves of the Seasons.

BY HARTLEY CAMPBELL.

Have you ever heard it said,
How that Autumn, fair and slender,
With a crescent on her brow,
And a robe of misty splendour,
Met warm Summer in the wood:
Met him lying under cover,
And said—see—out on the shoulder,
Stopped to rest, and found a lover?
Faint a lover, blithe and gay,
In the clover-scented hay.

How came I to know of this?
Wide-eyed daisies saw the meeting,
Saw the creature and the him,
And the red lips' luscious greeting.
And they, too, had heard the sigh
Of the tall trees for brave Summer:
For they knew that he must die
Of his love for this new-comer.
See, the tears that they have shed,
Brown and russet, green and red.

Shall I tell what happened there?
How her hair was like a curtain?
How it clothed the loving pair
In the waning light uncertain?
How they spent the first glad day,
Sipping from Love's brimming chalice,
Filled with nectar, by a log
Nest from Cupid's giddy palace.
While the birds, both old and young
Sat among the boughs and song?

Oh this love was born a child,
And the farmers called her Plenty.
Her bright presence care beguiled,
Dressing where'er she went her
But fair Autumn, having brought
Into life this welcome being,
Chilled warm Summer with the thought
That her love for him was fleeing
For a Knight, with shining mail,
Who rode down the North in gale.

Who rode down the North in gale
With a plume of downy whiteness,
With an icy coat of mail,
From the realms of Eternal brightness.
How she tried to win his heart,
Spreading all her charms before him;
Tearing all her robes apart,
Proving how she did adore him,
Till the landscape naked lay
In the blushing light of day.

But his heart was icy cold:
Cold as ice when she perished,
Dying out upon the world.
Of the love that she had cherished.

Not a Summer bird was there,
Not a note of pain nor pity—
Nothing but a dumb despair.
Such as wraps a stricken city
When the wrath of God is woke
'Gainst of all sins the most hateful,
And he smites with mighty stroke,
Plague or pestilence, the ungrateful.
Poor, poor Autumn, fickle maid,
Uncrowned, humbled, lowly laid.

Find a moral he who will.
In this simple little story,
How that jealousy will kill—
How that constancy is glory;
How to cherish what we own,
While we yet may call it ours;
How to check the rising moan,
How to prize the present flowers.
Life's worth living, life is blest,
And after living, craveth rest.

A Mid-Winter Mosaic.

BY DAVID BELASCO.

We had passed the Kiowa. There was no stream there; nothing but the river's bed and its sand three feet beneath the snow.

We came along, like old-time Westerners, with our boots outside our pants; huge overcoats, thick gloves, and everything covered but our faces, which we hoped to tender to the north as the Indian had in the years and years that went before we came there. Only two of us in the wagon—one was an engineer from Denver; his name was Whitmore; the other was myself.

A surveyor and his men were six or seven miles ahead of us. We saw them occasionally; sometimes they were away beyond our reach. We went along, doing our work as quickly and as well as could be expected of men in our condition. We were cold, and frozen at times. We wore arctic over our boots, and although we climbed over the terrible snow we followed the line that the other surveyor had marked, over hill, down ravines, up the hill again, and down and along the sandy beds covered with snow, until at night we all came together. But this night we had missed them.

A township mark—a stone placed at the corner of every square mile—was displaced, and we spent a great deal of time looking around trying to find it. So all we had to do after speaking to each other as kindly as we could, was to look up at the bright stars that shone clearer in the Colorado sky than elsewhere, and hope that rescue would soon be at hand.

We were lying there, my friend and myself; neither of us had hope; neither of us expected that the day would ever come again to gladden us, even as a day can gladden in the West when you are on the verge of death. People go there to live, to prolong their lives; they can see through the clear sky to a better future beyond.

A man for whom the Eastern sky has nothing in hope, finds there a ray that brightens his life and keeps his soul for ever in fortitude. So we two were lying there, this sturdy engineer, who had nothing to say, nothing in the world, had given up everything, left everything to me, and I was weak and ready to die with him.

And we lay there; the snow fell and covered us; the morning came, but we knew nothing about it, but in my ears fell a tinkling of bells, and I listened, listened, and tried to think what it could be. I listened long; I had never heard such a sound; it was of course music; I didn't know, though, where it came from; could not imagine its origin, because, when we had gone to sleep, the night was over us, and death seemed to have its icy fingers clapping our hands. But I heard this music, and it came to me like a voice that meant something. I listened again; I awoke; I looked up through the snow, because the snow was all around us except above our faces;—I looked up and I looked away beyond us; a

fold of sheep were coming down from the hill, behind them was a man; I could not believe it, and fell back again into a sleep; but the music awoke me again—this tinkling of bells. I got up again; sat up through the snow, pushing it away from my breast, and I saw them again. They came to us; the sheep passed away beyond us.

The shepherd, if we may call him a shepherd—I don't know what term they use there—came to us. He asked me how we came there. I told him, and he asked us to go with him. We went and awoke my companion, this strong man that could live through any disaster; he had slept while the bells tinkled, and while the snow was falling over his face and around him, while the cold was strong about us, and while there was no hope for us. He had not

During the night I thought I was awakened by some noise, and I imagined that the roof of the dugout, as we call it in the West, had been blown away; but I knew the ground was too low and turned over again and went to sleep. Nobody can imagine the sweetness of the sleep. But as I laid there, somebody seemed to come in; the sound startled me, and I turned and saw there a man, the perfect picture of a shepherd, and he went to the mantle cut in the clay, and he picked up a pipe—the pipe that our shepherd friend had been smoking, and he cut tobacco into his palm, ground it and put it into his pipe and lit it; then he stood there and pulled out his knife and pistols and laid them on the table; and he sat there and smoked. He was a fresh-looking, strong, brown haired, brown eyed young man. I

The Coming Librettist.

MY DEAR FISKE:

Simultaneously with the receipt of your letter honoring me with the request for a contribution to your Christmas Number, I received the subjoined communication from a far Western newspaper:

My DEAR SIR:
The _____, a new paper just about starting here, will want some rhymes now and then. Can your far-north some? I am told you are clever at that kind of work.
Respectfully,
The _____ per F.A.R.

Overwhelmed as I feel with the graceful tribute paid in the above note, I quote it in order that I may answer both my far Western patron and yourself at the same moment.

who is "clever at that kind of work," it thinks with all sorts of innocent literary possibilities. I will therefore, with the kind permission of the two editors, dedicate my first stanza to them, and, imbued with a feeling more or less Salsburgian, beg to remark as follows:

TO CHEESE.

Then art lustre and beauty both around thee,
And love hath loved but to thy lip,
But the legends of love that surround thee
Are not worth a sup.

Now, if the above should seem to have more merit than amusing, suppose we try a quatrain and more picturesque tone:

Tell me not in successful numbers
Cheese is but an empty dream,
For upon the watchful hand of Nature,
Weird and ghastly visions team.

Cheese is out; Cheese is earnest,
Though the cheese-don be its goal,
Cheese! then speak, as thou yonnest,
Both to stomach and to soul.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a will for every line,
Still achieving, still achieving,
Leaves to chance it and to wit.

These lines are not so thrilling to me in the course of their construction as they must strike the reader in their glorious unity.

It matters little, after all, to the philosopher, what subject he chooses when writing to point a moral or adorn a tale. Exactly in the same way that it makes but little difference to a writer of a topical song or a catch phrase in a comedy what particular refrain he uses so long as he uses it often enough—e.g., Mr. Fred Leslie in *The Ragged Student*, sings a topical song with the refrain, "Sponge it out." One of his verses is as follows:

A pleasant little joker
I am at playing poker.
I hold a pair of deuces—
E'en deuces have their uses;
And, full of Yankee Doodle,
I tried to bluff some noodle.
He called, I lost my bundle!
Oh, sponge it out!

Now I will use the same verse over again and merely change its refrain:

A pleasant little joker
I am at playing poker.
I hold a pair of deuces—
E'en deuces have their uses;
And, full of Yankee Doodle,
I tried to bluff some noodle.
He called, I lost my bundle!
Cheese it! Oh, cheese it!

I really claim that no one can misinterpret the meaning of the above substitution or deny its synonymy with the original refrain. The mere fact that the substitution may be mistaken for a slang expression is purely the result of accident and not design.

Which leads me to a suggestion to the coming librettist, whoever he may be:

Provided he possess a certain unique dexterity in the misapplication of his words, the words themselves are of minor consequence. The skeptic, though he may be willing to concede the adaptability of Cheese to subjects of a certain playfulness, may be inclined to doubt its value as a vehicle for sentiment. I will show him his error:

So live that when the omniscient comes to judge
The immeasurable career which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go out, like quarry dove at night,
Scourged to his design, but unscathed and smothered
By an undying trust, approach the grave
Like one that wraps the dignity of his cloth
About him, and sits down to Silence Cheese.

Or more charming and fervent still—

Yet I doubt not through the ages age increasing
pursue,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of Cheese.

And who does not know that familiar, that very familiar quotation—

The Cheese is suttler than the sword.

Which brings me back to the coming librettist. Gilbert, who is recognized as the most skillful of all modern versifiers, knows the value of good rhyming better than any one I can quote. The deft manner in which he rings in trisyllabic rhymes on any given subject has stood him in better stead with the community than any trick of his trade.

He would probably hand Cheese over to Sullivan in this form:

Cheese that is prized by the tribes most generously,
Cheese that I've loved since the days of my nursery,
Gathered though these be in disquising habiliments,
I shall still love thee with love that is still immure.

It will be seen that the emphasis must fall on the last "still" of the last sentence, and when it is considered that Sullivan would have so built his music: as to come down with a boom on the "bill" in "habiliments," and the "still" in "still immense," need we wonder at their joint success in tickling the ears of their audiences?

The coming librettist, who will carry out this vital law of versifying, will only need the same encouragement that Gilbert has received from the native manager to display himself with equally aggressive originality. Of course, the native librettist has already reached heights to which a Gilbert would never dare soar, and 'tis, on hearing such rhymes as,

He gets her back
I am a wreck!
that we feel Gilbert must "pale his ineffectual fires."

The native librettist must not attempt too much. Certain things will always remain impossible despite his best struggles. No one has yet, for instance, succeeded in making "canary bird" rhyme with "chest protectors," although several ineffectual attempts have already been made in that direction; but that is a kind of ambition which must always overleap itself.

I remain, my dear Fiske, much absorbed in the future of the coming librettist, his friend and co-worker and

Yours most sincerely, SYDNEY ROBINSON,

New York, December, 1883.



LITTLE BIJOU FERNANDEZ.

any hope at all. The shepherd came along, not clad like an Eastern man would be under such circumstances. He had his brown button-like pants in long boots that came above his knees, and a thick shirt of blue upon him and no coat, a common wide brown hat, and a tree limb in his hand.

We went to his home; it was a curious place, the roof was on the ground, there was a pipe coming up, with smoke curling out of it. We went down into it. There was but one room, with the shelves cut in the clay, and all the ornamentation was by Nature herself. The floor was clay, the roof was wood, with an ordinary pipe through that would not be swept away and that nothing but an earthquake could destroy.

Both of you, with that keen disregard of an author's alleged brains which characterizes the average editor, withhold from me any intellectual prop, so to speak, whereon to lean while I unloose myself of my noblest thoughts. You do not say what you wish me to write about. I am quite willing to believe that "I am clever at that kind of work," whatever that may mean; but I am too apt to become reckless in the choice of my subjects.

But as needs must when the editor drives, I wonder whether you and my Western enthusiast will not consider yourselves served and satisfied if I spread myself on—say Cheese, for instance.

To the raw, untutored mind, Cheese may not seem an altogether inspiring subject, but to one

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Twice Married.

BY FLORENCE MARRIAT

"Before my old time, Shirley Bradgate, married Dorothy Dimple, he told her all about his divorce from his first wife, who, as everyone knows, was the beautiful Miss Rackett, of Ramadong, County Down, Ireland."

"Of course you have heard the fact, my darling," said Shirley, who was sitting with Dorothy in an arbor in her grandmother's garden at the time, and the girl's pretty head was nestled very close to his bushy beard; "the whole world knows the fact, but I should like you to be certain that I was not to blame in the matter."

"I never thought you were, dear Shirley," said Dorothy.

"But people might tell you so in days to come, and make you miserable for nothing; so let us have a clear understanding on this subject. You know that I married very young; and my wife was so beautiful that my fancy endowed her with every virtue."

"Did you love her very much, darling," a little trembling voice asked from somewhere near his beard.

"How easy it would have been to deceive her! A single word of denial would have satisfied the trusting heart of this innocent country girl, who had known nothing of love till two short months before. But Shirley was a gentleman as well as a man. It cost him something to tell her the truth, and he cleared his voice once or twice before he could summon courage to speak out; but when he did so, it was boldly."

"Yes, my darling, I did love her—very, very much; and I should not be worthy of your trust if I could deny it. I loved her for many years faithfully and blindly, and I should as soon have thought of her deceiving me as of my deceiving her."

"Oh, what a wicked woman she must be!" cried Dorothy.

"True, dear; but we won't say so—not you and I. She contracted the terrible habit of drinking, Dolly, and where that vice creeps in everything that is bad may be expected to follow. I bore with it for many years, hoping against hope that she might be cured; but she grew worse instead of better, and you know the rest. She covered me with shame and dishonor, and left me heart-broken, until I met you, my own dear little one, and you consented to patch up my spoiled life and make me happy again."

Dolly sighed. It was very sweet to be his confessor, and to bid him hope once more; but she wished that other woman had first been in her grave. It was terrible to think of her, moving about and living somewhere in the world, and then to remember all she had been to Shirley in the days gone by.

"Was she so very beautiful, Shirley?" she whispered, as she nestled still closer to his side.

"Very handsome, Dolly; not very beautiful. Beauty can only go hand-in-hand with goodness, like yours."

"And did you love her better than you do me?"

"No, no! a thousand times, no!" cried Shirley Bradgate, heartily. "I may have loved more passionately and recklessly in those early days, my darling; passion and youth are so inextricably united, but I never loved any other woman with the complete trust and confidence which I repose in you."

And Dolly, who was too unsophisticated to understand much of such distinctions, was quite satisfied with Shirley's explanation—as, indeed, she had every reason to be.

"And now let us make a bargain, Dolly," he said, when sundry little reassuring familiarities had passed between them, "never to mention this subject again. I want to forget it, dear. I want to make believe, as the children say, that our marriage is the only one I have contracted; and there is no reason that I should not. That woman is as utterly dead to me now as if she had never existed. The law has dissolved all ties between us, and divorce, like death, is an eternal separation. Let us, therefore, try and forget that she has ever been."

Dorothy was more than willing to agree to this proposal, and resolved that she would never be the one to introduce the name of the first Mrs. Bradgate.

When this little talk occurred between the affianced pair, their marriage was fixed to take place in a fortnight's time; but Dorothy's grandmother died suddenly during the ensuing week, and it was three months before Shirley Bradgate called her wife. But when he did so she was almost entirely his own, having scarcely a relation left her in the world, which, as he confided in to me, was the best thing possible for both of them. No man could have made more of his wife than Shirley did of the new Mrs. Bradgate. She was a pretty, delicate little creature, like a bit of rare china, and he looked after her as if she had been a perfect child. Not a word ever passed his lips that he thought might offend her delicacy or taint her innocent mind. And she positively worshipped Shirley. Her eyes followed him as he moved about the room. She was never quite easy out of his presence, and they were earning the reputation of being the most devoted couple in all Kensington, when one day Shirley rushed into my room with a face a yard long.

"What's up now, old fellow?"

"That confounded plantation, Lindsay. I've received a letter from the Dumratta agent to say things are going all wrong out there, and if I don't go over and see after the business myself I'm likely to lose half my income. And I can't afford that now, you know. I sacrificed the bulk of my East Indian property at the end of the row."

I knew what the poor fellow alluded to. For the first beautiful wife had made ducks and drakes of her unfortunate husband's money before she relieved him of his burthen by eloping with Lord Greenhouse, and he had been compelled to sell an immense deal of land in order to defray the debts she contracted up to the time of the dissolution of their marriage. And then she had taken her own settlement with her, which had deprived him of several hundred a year into the bargain.

"I'm sorry to hear your news, Shirley, but, if it's really necessary, you must make the voyage. It won't do to let you go to smash, you know."

"Of course not! I'm bound to look after it. But what an unfortunate fellow I am, Lindsay! I don't think I am destined to have any domestic peace in my life."

"Why should you take such a gloomy view

of the matter? You used to enjoy traveling, and as for Mrs. Bradgate, I should think a trip to the East would be a real treat to her."

"But I forget to tell you. She mustn't go."

"Why not?"

"Dr. Wadde says she is so delicate, it would kill her! I don't know why, I'm sure, but he says her constitution requires a heating climate, and I can't go against his opinion."

"Of course you can't! Well, then, you must make the best of it, Shirley, and leave her at home. I don't suppose you will need to be absent more than a few months."

So, after some further delay, Shirley Bradgate left his little wife in Hampstead and set off to look after his property by himself. It was a sad day when he started. I had never seen a man so depressed in my life before, and as for Mrs. Bradgate, she fainted three times within the last hour we spent on board. And then I took her back to Kensington, as her husband had entrusted me to do, and the poor little woman dropped like a broken flower until she met him again. Meanwhile Shirley somewhat recovered himself, after the manner of men, and when he met his old friends—the Franklyn—at Aden, and found they were going home to England by the next mail, he unhesitatingly decided to go himself, and he begged her to call on his wife.

"She is such a dear girl!" he exclaimed enthusiastically; "so modest and gentle and refined. I am sure you will like her; and as she is living quite alone, I shall take it as an infinite obligation if you will be her friend."

So Mrs. Franklyn, who was the mother of more than one grown-up daughter, promised faithfully to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Bradgate and to console her as much as possible under the affliction of her husband's absence. The Franklyn came to England, and for some weeks had their attention so taken up with engaging a house, buying furniture, and renewing old friendships, that they had not much leisure to think of anything else. But one evening, as the husband and wife were together at a musical party, they were delighted with some excellent singing, and eagerly inquired the name of the lady at the piano.

"That is Mrs. Bradgate," replied their hostess, smiling.

"Mrs. Bradgate?" repeated Mrs. Franklyn. "I wonder if it can be the wife of our old friend, Shirley Bradgate? Will you introduce me to her?"

In another minute the introduction was effected, and the ladies were in converse together. Mrs. Bradgate was a beautiful young woman, fashionably dressed, and with a very engaging manner.

"I believe I met your husband at Aden the other day, Mrs. Bradgate," commenced Mrs. Franklyn, cordially. "Shirley Bradgate (as we have always called him), of the Dumratta plantations. We had not met for years, and I did not know he was married till he asked me to call upon you. Perhaps he has mentioned the circumstance in his letters home, for I am not making a mistake, I presume, in imagining that you are Mrs. Bradgate?"

"Yes, that is my name," replied the lady, with a graceful bow.

"I am delighted to have met you. I have your address, and should have called before, but I have been so busy since our arrival in England. Let me see, I think you live in the Victoria road?"

"No; in Sloane street," said Mrs. Bradgate.

"Oh, you have moved, I suppose! Will you excuse ceremony and come and take a friendly dinner with us to-morrow? You will find our address on this card." And so the ladies parted, with many expressions of goodwill on either side.

Mrs. Bradgate kept her appointment, and several after that; and the Franklyn were, on the whole, very much pleased with her. The mistress of the house did not consider that she quite came up to Shirley's description, but she attributed that to a husband's partiality, and quite believed that Mrs. Bradgate's occasional attacks of excitement were due to the hysteria under which she affirmed she was suffering. Meanwhile her fine voice and execution were great attractions to their weekly receptions, and Mrs. Bradgate was generally to be seen at their "At homes." One afternoon young Thistle-down of the Lancers looked in at the Franklyn whilst their new acquaintance was attracting universal attention by her execution of a difficult bravura.

The young officer looked at her in silence for some minutes, and then, seeing his host leave the room, followed him into the library.

"General Franklyn," he began, nervously, "I have rather an unpleasant task before me, but I consider it my duty to speak to you openly. Do you know the character of the lady who is singing at your wife's piano at the present moment?"

"The character of the lady?" repeated General Franklyn, with amazement. "Why, it was Mrs. Bradgate, wasn't it? The wife of my old friend, Shirley Bradgate, whom we knew up at Dumratta years ago."

"I can't help whose wife she is, General, but she is not a fit person to sit down in the same room with Mrs. Franklyn and your daughters."

"God bless my soul, Thistle-down, you make me feel very uncomfortable. What on earth can you know about her to make you speak in that way?"

"I know a great deal more than I can repeat to you, sir; but I have done my duty in cautioning you, and you must find out the rest for yourself."

The consequence of which communication was that the General did find out a great deal more for himself, and Mrs. Bradgate's name was scratched off the Franklyn's visiting list. But the affair did not end there, for Mrs. Franklyn, like most of her sex, had a tongue, and was prone to use it, and what between her pity for poor Shirley Bradgate and her dismay at having introduced a questionable character amongst her fashionable acquaintances, she went from one house to another telling everybody what a dreadful person her old friend had married.

"A woman who drinks, my dear, and carries on in the most terrible manner you can think of; and Captain Thistle-down and Sir Gregory James both knew her and warned the General against letting her be seen with our girls; and Shirley Bradgate told me she was so modest and refined. How dreadfully these poor men are taken in and deceived!"

"I am shocked at what you tell me," said the lady to whom she made the above statement. "I have met Mrs. Bradgate at Mrs. Langford's, and thought her such a retiring, nice little creature. What actresses some women are! It is fortunate I did not ask her to my house! And I must tell Mrs. Langford what you say, for I am sure she is quite unaware of what she has let herself in for."

"Tell her, Mrs. Gore, by all means. In fact, tell every one you can. I consider it but just that such a woman should be exposed."

So that between Mrs. Franklyn and Mrs. Gore, Captain Thistle-down and Sir Gregory James, Dorothy Dimple found herself almost "tabooed" from Hampstead society, and wondered what had come to her friends that they left her so much alone in Shirley's absence. I saw that she dropped and was depressed, but naturally she did not trouble her countenance, and I attributed it to fretting after her husband. At last, however, Shirley mentioned it in a letter home.

"Is my wife ill?" he wrote anxiously.

"What is the matter with her? She tells me nothing, but she is evidently in the lowest spirits, and seems to go nowhere. I hope she is not taking my absence too much to heart. If things go on right out here, I might be home in another three months. Be a good fellow, Lindsay, and try and keep up my wife's spirits until I come."

In my attempts to fulfil my friend's wishes I hit upon something of the truth. Mrs. Bradgate was not only unhappy because her husband was away, she was suffering under a dose of that rascally irritant, London scandal! Some sympathizing female had brought her the stories that were floating about concerning her, of course with a strong spice of exaggeration, and poor Dorothy, who had never given a soul occasion to speak against her in her life, was horrified to hear how her name was being handled and defamed.

"What am I to do?" she said to me, weeping. "What will Shirley say when he comes home, and after the misery he has already passed through? Oh, Mr. Lindsay, I feel as if I could never meet him!"

I suggested that the best thing would be for her to place herself under the protection of some elderly female relative, and that the falsehoods concerning her might have arisen purely from the fact of her being too young and good-looking to live alone. But poor Dorothy had no relatives with whom to seek a refuge. Then I resolved to write and tell Shirley the truth, and advised him to let the Dumratta plantations look after themselves and come home to protect the interest of his wife. My letter had the effect I anticipated. With the arrival of the next mail came Shirley Bradgate, delighted to hold Dolly in his arms once more, but eager to find out who were her traducers and punish them as they deserved.

"Who can have been so wicked as to defame the character of so innocent a creature?" he said to me, as we sat in converse with Mr. Bradgate. "And what can the Franklyn have been about not to stick up for her? I suppose you still visit the Franklyn, Dorothy—do you not?" he asked his wife.

"The Franklyn, dear!" echoed Mrs. Bradgate; "are those the people you wrote about from Aden? They never called upon me!"

"Never called upon you, child?" cried Shirley. "You are dreaming! Mrs. Franklyn wrote me such a kind letter about two months ago, full of your praises, and saying you were at their house three and four times a week."

"I have never been to the Franklyn's house once in my life. I have never seen them," replied Dorothy, with open eyes.

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Shirley. "What could have induced Mrs. Franklyn to say what was untrue? And she dwelt so much on your beauty, too—which rather surprised me, as, though I think you have the dearest little face in the world, my darling, I don't expect everybody to be of the same opinion."

I gave a long whistle.

"What is that for?" demanded Shirley.

"Daylight doth appear," I replied oracularly. "Mrs. Bradgate, didn't you tell me that Miss Lidton, who repeated the scandal to you, had heard it from Mrs. Gore?"

"Yes, Mr. Lindsay; but she made me promise not to mention Mrs. Gore's name."

"They all do that," I said contemptuously; "but I think I can solve the riddle. Mrs. Gore is a cousin of Charles Thistle-down, and they both visit at General Franklyn's, and the Franklyn are friends of the Marchants."

"What are you driving at?" exclaimed Shirley Bradgate.

"At the truth, if you will permit me to mention it in your wife's presence. I have been making some inquiries on the subject, and I find it is true that a Mrs. Bradgate has been received on intimate terms at the Franklyn's parties. It is not this Mrs. Bradgate, and therefore it stands to reason it must be the other Mrs. Bradgate." At these words all the blood in Shirley's body seemed to rush to his face.

"But she is not Mrs. Bradgate," he exclaimed, angrily. "We were divorced, body and soul. She has no more right to my name now than she has to my property or myself."

"That may be very true, my dear fellow, but she keeps it all the same. I know that Miss Rackett still calls herself Mrs. Bradgate, and that she has no hesitation in asserting in public that you are her husband. Some people, too ignorant and too lazy to find out the truth, believe her, and her comfortable income does the rest. She is still admitted to some houses, and doubtless the Franklyn met her out and mistook her for your wife, who has had to bear the brunt of her reputation since. That is my solution of the mystery."

"I'll go to Mrs. Franklyn's and find out the truth of it at once," cried Shirley, jumping to his feet; "and if it is the case, I'll face that woman to drop the name she has lost her title to, if I spend my last shilling to do it."

In an hour he returned, accompanied by Mrs. Franklyn, who felt she could not do too much to make up to poor Dorothy for the insults to which she had subjected her. My surmises had proved correct. The beautiful but highly disreputable acquaintance which the Franklyn had made so rashly and dropped so suddenly was no other than the first Mrs. Bradgate, and I was the unfortunate friend deputed by her late husband to bear his lordly commands to her to adopt some other name than that which she had no right to bear. But the first Mrs. Bradgate laughed in my face and dared me to remonstrate with her upon her conduct. Then Shirley, determined that his Dorothy should not be subjected again to being taken for the quondam Miss Rackett, went to establish his claim to have lost one woman bearing his name in the world at the same time. But my ill-advised friend lost both his money and his suit, for the question, on being submitted to the Judge of the divorce court, was given in favor of the lady.

"What!" exclaimed Shirley. "This woman has been pronounced by your law to be as dead to me as though she were in her grave. She has no claim to my money or possessions, she has no right to enter my house, nor to interfere with any of my actions, and yet you let her retain my name—the name I gave her as

the sign that she was one with me—to drag through the dirt as she chooses to her life's end! It's the most inconsistent thing I ever heard of!"

"I cannot help it," was the Judge's reply. "If the lady chooses to call herself Mrs. Bradgate or Mrs. Smith, or what other name she chooses to take, the law cannot interfere."

"And so there are to be two Mrs. Bradgates going about the world at the same time," exclaimed my friend; "and I am to bear all the annoyance and vexations of having two wives, and—"

But this was an argument that the able Judge refused to engage in.

And so Shirley Bradgate, who was the innocent party in the matter, was compelled to take his Dorothy away from London and settle with her in another part of the country in order to avoid the insult of her being mistaken for his divorced wife, or his divorced wife mistaken for her, whilst the first Mrs. Bradgate, by virtue of the Judge's decision, still flattered about Hampstead, taking in the ignorant and the unwary.

A Crushed Adorer.

(AN EXPERIENCE.)

BY GENIE HOLZMEYER ROSENFIELD.

I dare say that many ladies of the profession will agree with me that one of the most annoying features of an actress' life is the unsupportable attention of the callow tribe of would-be worshippers who, whether they are called "mashers" or "dudes," remain the same violent young aggravations. Believing it is their mission to run after an actress, their childish brains, as yet too immature for reasoning purposes, have become imbued with an idea that an actress' noblest ambition in life is to receive baskets of flowers, accompanied by impudent letters. This idea being the only one they possess, it is not wonderful that they cling to it with limpet-like tenacity, or that it is a pretty difficult task to convince them that they are in error, and that, while an actress accepts with delight an offering which is either a tribute to her genius or a mark of kindly feeling, she resents with indignation that which can only be construed as a slur upon her honor.

I remember one occasion on which the "masher" army was completely routed and departed from the battle-field considerably crestfallen.

In our company we had a charming little woman, as pretty as a peach, active, lively, and one of the brightest soulettes in the business. This little woman, whom I will call Etta White, was married, devoted to her husband, and as quiet and home-loving a girl as you could find on or off the stage; her one thought was her husband and baby. Extraneous adoration never entered her mind, or if it did, it was only as one of the disagreeable adjuncts to a profession she loved. We were all immensely fond of her and proud of her success with the public. Our company was like a little family party; the interest of one was the interest of all. We had no jealousies or disputes, and were each one as pleased as Etta herself when she made a hit in a new town. We were in the city, winding up our season with an engagement of some weeks' duration, and here more than ever Etta captivated the callow tribe aforesaid, or as our comedian put it, "caught on with the dudes." Night after night she would have flowers and notes. She used to tear up the notes and divide the flowers among the rest of us.

After we had been here about a fortnight, Etta received a basket of most exquisite flowers and attached to it a card, "With the compliments of T. W." She was awfully pleased and as proud of her basket as a child of a new toy, and told us what a gentlemanly fellow T. W. must be to send the flowers in such a nice way.

The next night more flowers arrived with the same unassuming message. Etta was in high glee, and when the tribute was repeated for three or four nights in succession, we put T. W. down as a young fellow with more money than wit, but enough gentlemanly feeling to make up for any other deficiencies.

As a rule I used to get to the theatre much later than the others—not being on in the first act—and one evening, when the flower game had been going on a week, I sailed in at my usual time, and, running up to the dressing-room, was surprised to find that usually quiet abode in a perfect uproar.

"It's a shame!" Miss Beauchamp was saying.

"Men are hateful, anyway, and this one is only like the rest," Miss Yorke announced with a bitterness well in keeping with the acid expression on her face as she put the finishing touches to her old woman's make-up.

Etta White was standing between them, a basket in one hand, in the other a note, and with the unhappiest look on her face I ever saw.

"What's the matter?" I asked, and, borrowing hastily from the comedian's vocabulary, I added, "How's the mash?"

"Don't mention him," said Miss Yorke. "He's no good. A ruffian I would like to horse-whip."

Miss Yorke was an ideal "old woman," as strong-minded old stage as she tried to be on.

Etta began to cry.

"Isn't it a wicked shame," she began; but Miss Yorke interrupted her.

"There, don't cry; it will spoil your make-up; such rubbish isn't worth crying over. Save up your tears till you need them, and get dressed or it will be late."

"But I wanted to tell—"

"Well, I'll tell her myself," and, turning to me, Miss Yorke began.

"You remember how we praised the object who kept sending Etta flowers. Of course you do. Well, you'd better do as we have done—read that, and take it all back," and she thrust a note into my hand. I read:

DEAR MISS WHITE: The flattering way in which you have received my humble offerings, each idea new to approach you by letter, and while telling you how much I admire you in your bright and clever presentation, ask you when and how I may have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Will you allow me to wait for you to-night? I have sent you some jack-ruses; if you will give me the pleasure you wear them. I shall be in the first row of the orchestra, and shall also wear a jack-ruse so that you may know me. Yours truly, T. W.

"Well, of all the impudent documents I ever saw, that is the worst," I exclaimed.

"The idea of saying she received his flowers kindly," Miss Yorke cried; "why she couldn't help herself. You know as well as I do that the boy never knew where to take them back to."

"Let's write him a stinging letter," I suggested.

"He'd only be delighted that we have noticed him," Miss Beauchamp objected.

"I don't know what to do," Etta said, with tears once more trembling on her cheeks. "I am sure I have never done anything to encourage such impudence, and when my husband knows it he will be so angry. Oh, I am so miserable!"

Miss Yorke, now ready dressed for her part, was seated by the window apparently weeping in thought. She looked very funny as she sat there. She was playing an economic old woman from down East, and was dressed in a polka-dot cotton gown, three patches on the elbow, and white cotton gloves much too large for her. The dress in itself was hideous, but she made up for it. She had a red nose, and wrinkles so well put on that you would have sworn she was a woman of fifty before a wrinkle was added.

Miss Yorke was about the most unimpassioned person possible to imagine when ready dressed to go on the stage.

"I have an idea," she said at last.

"What is it?" we asked in concert.

"Girls, don't I look hideous to-night?"

"Yes."

"Worse than usual?"

"Rather!"

The readiness with which we paid her the dubious compliment did not in the least disconcert her.

"Then that settles it," she said. "Etta, give me the flowers I'll take them on."

"You!"

"Yes, and I'll look out for the young man in the front row, and if I don't make him sick of wearing such roses in his button-hole it will be odd to me."

The idea seemed too good to be missed, so, with much laughter, Etta accepted, and we waited developments with the utmost patience.

The situation of Miss Yorke's entrance was a pleasant family gathering, in the midst of which she was searching for a man against whom she had obtained a judgment in an action for breach of promise.

When her cue was given, on rushed Miss Yorke, looking simply ghoulish, and bearing in her hand two bouquets of Jack roses. She scattered the happy family far and wide, as usual, using the flowers as a kind of weapon, and then turned slowly to the house and cast a shy look in the front row, where sat a very young man with a Jack-rose in his coat, and a friend on either side of him to witness his success in the mashing line. All three were looking perfectly dumfounded, not being able to get the slightest grip of the situation. To them Miss Yorke directed all her attention. She sighed over the bouquet, smiled at it, pressed it to her heart, and all this with such hideous contortions and grimaces that we were quite unable to preserve our gravity. The three faces below were a study. The sender of the flowers, from being astounded, suddenly arrived at the conclusion that the flowers had been misdirected, hurriedly consulted the programme and turned all colors, from deep crimson to yellow, and seemed perfectly horror-struck at the antics Miss Yorke was indulging in. The two friends seemed to reflect a moment and exchanged glances, evidently comprehending the whole situation, and, regardless of decorum, broke out into a hearty peal of laughter at their friend's expense, and two minutes later, as Miss Yorke left the stage, we had the pleasure of seeing the trio rise from their seats and leave the theatre, and from that night Etta White received no more notes from T. W.

As for Miss Yorke's performance, the laughter which it provoked from the friends of T. W. became so infectious that the audience joined in, and the manager, seeing only one meaning to the public's enthusiasm, concluded that the old woman had made an immense hit, and forthwith made her an offer for next season at an advanced salary.

A Pen'orth o' Pickles.

BY THOMAS WHIFFEN.

One Summer day, in London, I was passing through Great Pultney street, in which thoroughfare is situated the piano-store of the celebrated John Broadwood and Sons—passing through, I say, on my way home. On turning the corner I met a very infirm, wheezy, Sairey Gampy, yet most respectable old woman, who carried in her hand a cracked tea-cup. She was muttering angrily to herself, and glowering into the teacup. As I passed she looked up and saw me. Now, whether she had made up her mind that there was in me a kindred old womanish spirit, I do not know; but she stopped and, holding out to me the cracked tea-cup, said, in a voice loud enough to bring a crowd of people round us (which indeed had that embarrassing effect):

"I ask you, young man, do you call that a pen'orth o' pickles?" Just to quiet her I looked at the dreadful yellow mixture and said, as seriously as herself: "No, ma'am; I do not consider it a pen'orth o' pickles."

The crowd were now taking great interest in our dialogue, so I asked her where she bought them. She pointed to a shop at the corner, of the kind called an Italian warehouse, for the reason, I suppose, that not a single article of Italian produce is there sold. Then, with what I think to be great moral courage under the circumstances, being a retiring young man, I took the cup of pickles, and we marched solemnly into the shop, where, behind the counter, at a desk, sat the proprietor (not by any means an Italian), to whom, sternly holding out the cup of pickles, I said:

"Did you serve this lady with a pen'orth o' pickles?"

"No, sir," stammered the astonished proprietor.

"No, indeed, sir; certainly not."

"Well, then," I said, "somebody did, and I ask you, Do you call that a pen'orth o' pickles?"

The pale proprietor looked very seriously at the contents of the cup, just as I had done, and said:

"No, sir; it is not a pen'orth o' pickles."

Then he called angrily to a boy at the back of the shop: "Jim, come here." Up came Jim.

"Did you serve this lady with a pen'orth o' pickles?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jim; "I did."

"Then," said the proprietor, thrusting the cup and its contents under Jim's nose, and at the same time boxing his ears, "I ask, sir, do you call that a pen'orth o' pickles?"

Jim, looking sorer than the pickles, said:

"No, it is not a pen'orth o' pickles."

"Then," said the proprietor, "go and make it a pen'orth o' pickles." Upon this Jim spooned some more of the horrible yellow and green mixture into the cup, and the old woman went on her way rejoicing, after showering down blessings upon me—which seemed to prove that however many pickles she had eaten, they had not yet succeeded in turning sour her milk of human kindness.

My Only Appearance as Claude.

BY JOHN M. MORTON.

Hulwer Lytton, in his preface to *The Lady of Lyons*, describes that famous work as "a drama," and the printer of the published edition calls it "a play in five acts." My nature is not quarrelsome, but the sight of a copy of *The Lady of Lyons*, the announcement of its performance in any place, may happen to be, or the quotation by some imbecile actor or misguided amateur of any of the numerous platitudes it contains, stir my soul to its utmost depths. Whatever Hulwer Lytton's champions may say, they cannot get over the unfortunate advantage I possess. I have acted in *The Lady of Lyons*; Hulwer never did. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Hulwer Lytton simply cooked the play, while I have had to devour every line it contained, except those entrusted to the ladies of the piece. Therefore I, and not the author, am the proper judge of the character of *The Lady of Lyons*; and therefore I declare it to be the tragedy of tragedies.

To be sure, there was a time when I looked upon *The Lady of Lyons* with tolerant eyes. When I endeavored to portray (and not without success) the airy nondescript of the frivolous Glavin, I deemed *The Lady of Lyons* an interesting work. When in happier days I essayed the "broad humor" of the Landlord and tickled the ears of the "groundlings," I hadn't an unkind word to say of Hulwer Lytton's piece. But once (ah! the recollection thrills me at this moment) I played Claude Melnotte. Once only, to be sure, but that first and only appearance has cast a shadow over my life and may perhaps shorten my days.

Many more years ago than I care to say, I was one of two low comedians acting in a "regular theatre" in a popular city in New Jersey. There are so many popular cities, in a theatrical sense at least, in New Jersey, that I hesitate to mention the name of this particular one. Of the two I was the "promising comedian," a fact everybody admitted. It was Christmas-time, and the periodical reductions of salaries had diminished our company to an alarming degree. My rival, who, because he was short and stout, with a broken nose and a still more broken voice, was considered a "born" low comedian, monopolized all the fatuous characters, and, to my great disgust, I found myself developing into a feeble *Jean Pierre* or a heavy man of the most abandoned description.

Business had been so bad with us that the announcement of the arrival of a lady star of mature years but magnificent proportions filled us all with hope and the expectation that every man and woman of us would have a few dollars in pocket on Christmas Day. She opened in *The Hunchback*, changed the bill every night, and for her benefit on Christmas Day chose to appear as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*. When I was informed that I was selected for the part of Claude Melnotte, and on Christmas Day too, my spirit broke. I went to the manager and expostulated with him. I said that I couldn't study the part in time, that I couldn't act it even if I knew the words, and made other reasonable excuses. The manager merely laughed at my fears. He said "my chance had come" (I felt that my time had come). His arguments were fortified by those of the prospective Pauline, who declared she could only act with a young Claude, and that a middle-aged Melnotte, like our manager, who had been dividing the leading business with me during the week, took all her "inspiration" away. At that time I never could withstand a woman's entreaties, and I found myself at home with a copy of *The Lady of Lyons* in my pocket. With a heavy heart I partook of a light supper, and before sleep came to my relief I was "dead letter perfect" as far as "the palace lifting to eternal Summer," but unusually dreamed of the eternal Winter I should spend on that approaching Christmas Day. Coming events most distinctly cast their shadows before on this occasion. I was confident enough in my ability to "get through" Claude, but the rehearsals gave me a horrid dread of some of my colleagues. The one who inspired me with most mingling was a utility actor whose stage name was Isaac Newton, which he had probably assumed because he was the nearest approach to an idiot I ever met out of an asylum. He was to double Gaspar and the second officer, and at rehearsal I watched him with gruesome apprehension. Another dreaded associate was our second old woman, who was cast for the part of my mother, the Widow Melnotte. She was a feeble creature, though quite old enough to know better. More than that, she had a most ludicrous mode of speech, which consisted of giving every syllable in every word twice its natural emphasis.

When the curtain rose on that Christmas night it was comforting to see that we had a crowded house. The first two scenes, in which I was not concerned, passed off with perfect smoothness. When the flats drew off for the third scene, I was standing behind the "practical door," ready to rush on in the most gallant and heroic manner. I really began to feel that the manager was right, and my chance had arrived. Otherwise I might have been disappointed by the appearance of that giddy thing, our second old woman, who, instead of wearing the sober black and white of a widow, was caparisoned in the bewildering fineries of a Watteau shepherdess. However, my cue came at last. I spoke the "outside" lines with becoming spirit and felt a glow of satisfaction as I heard distinct warnings of the reception I was about to receive from my enthusiastic audience. The mere trifle that in entering the cottage my gun caught in the scenery, exploded and nearly killed a colored boy in the flies, was nothing, because the public thought it part of the performance. But when fairly on the scene, and having bowed to my "reception," and then having requested my mother to "give me joy" and also asked her opinion about the appearance of my gun, I received a reply that staggered me and disturbed the minds of the audience. My mother, as everybody knows, has to answer my queries in these simple words:

"Humph! Well, what is it worth, Claude?" Now, I have said that our second old woman was remarkable for the deliberation and emphasis of her words. The word "humph" should, of course, be pronounced as "hm," but she should hardly be pronounced at all. Our second mother gave each one of these terms its proper value, and a letter over, so that the word sounded like the drawing of a cork from a bottle of soda together with the accompanying gas.

From hence, so far, happily, came from the audience evidently being simply startled. I muttered hoarsely to the waiter, "The audience make speak your lines, please." This of course affected my

mother's memory, and she "stuck." I had lost all my spirit now and rushed to the end of the next speech desperately, observing that "glory is priceless." This aroused the old lady, and she remembered enough of the lines to remark, with awful deliberation, "Leave glory to great folks, Claude!"

There was most distinct laughter now from the wings, and I could feel the jibes and sneers not only of my ancient rival, the low comedian, but my recent one, the juvenile man, who had been engaged on the great reputation he had acquired in Pithole. I felt the personal nature of the remark, and did indeed wish that I had left the glory of leading business to great folks. I cut my mother out of the next two speeches, and tried to throw spirit into the line in which I inquired, "Do the stars think of us?"

I happened to glance at the wings, and there was Pauline watching me with evident agony. "Ah," thought I, "there's one about star thinking of me and of the next four acts, too." I rushed to the easel, which should of course hold a life-like portrait of Pauline. Even as I had my hand on the curtain which concealed the portrait, I heard some one shout from the wings about not lifting the curtain; but it was too late. With my left hand, and looking at my mother, and therefore not facing the easel, I threw up the curtain and spoke the line: "See! this is her image!"

And there was a roar of laughter from audience, orchestra and actors which turned me cold. It was indeed an image, but not that of any Pauline that ever lived. It had a red and mottled face, and wore a large gold chain round its neck. It was that of an alderman, which on the previous night, in *School for Scandal*, had done service as one of Charles Surface's ancestors. But I had to go on, and I said: "Painted from memory." At which there was another roar. I calmly but firmly remarked, "Oh, how the canvas wrongs her." Again that roar; but, faithful to my text, I threw the paint-brush aside, and in despairing tones said: "I shall never be a painter." Whereupon there was a shout of acquiescent approval, and while I lasted I mentally blessed the property-man. I felt that I ought to bring this speech to a close, and after the uproar had subsided I jumped a couple of lines and faintly uttered: "I would turn soldier." The uproar broke out again, and an impatient person in the gallery suggested that if I couldn't paint better than that I had better. Meanwhile the manager came to the wing, and in an audible voice said: "Go on, boy; it's not your fault."

I was encouraged now, and boldly faced the scene with Gaspar. In due course that blighted being appeared in the person of Mr. Isaac Newton. His make-up was the most extraordinary ever seen. The most conspicuous thing about him was a huge dab of blood on his forehead. "For goodness' sake," I whispered, "why have you got blood on your forehead?" "To show I was spurned!" he whispered in reply.

I listened with indignation to the recital of Gaspar's wrongs. He came at last to the famous line: "It is not the brute that galls; it is the *shush*, Melnotte." I felt a cold shudder of apprehension. Now we had all at rehearsal solemnly, even pathetically, warned that man about the pitfall this line contained. But warning was thrown away on Isaac Newton, and at the top of his lungs, with terrible emphasis and a sounding blow on his bleeding forehead, he cried: "It is not the *shush* that galls; it is the *brute*, Melnotte."

I remember loudly calling for the gore of the property-man and sternly demanding the head of Mr. Isaac Newton, as well as requesting the immediate discharge of the second old woman. The manager promised to fulfil my wishes, and hurried me down to my dressing-room.

It is with a feeling of satisfaction, indeed of much pride, that I record the almost complete success of my efforts in the romantic episodes of the second act. It is true that I was somewhat overshadowed by the Pauline. As I have said, she was very stout, and she chose to dress *a la Pompadour*. The stage was very small, so that, as she acted in the very centre of it, I necessarily was often lost to the audience's sight, though not to their memories, for I gave my speeches with abundant vocal vigor. It was somewhat disconcerting to hear Pauline, during my speeches, urge me to "give her room," to "keep off her train," and to hear other irritating interpolations of professional jealousy.

Were I to attempt to describe my triumph in the third act I should have to drop my usual modesty. Suffice it that our success, or rather mine, was prodigious. The star was beginning to fall off as she realized that I was rapidly "taking away the piece from her." You see, in the third act Claude Melnotte has a great deal to say for himself, and that was where I excelled. The scene was the same as the first act, and that confounded easel was in its old place. Happily I had the wisdom to remove the picture, but I felt that its impression had not been forgotten. I dashed into my speeches with great spirit. Coming to the lines—

I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poetry—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life of beauty.

I naturally, but somewhat imprudently, pointed to the easel, and that brought about a lively recollection of the first act. The "unskilful" in the gallery broke out into a loud and vulgar laugh, which I am glad to say was instantly silenced by the applause of the "judicious" in the stalls and dress-circle.

While I was dressing for the great fourth act I sent out for beer and received the congratulations of the boys and the manager. When the curtain rose I was discovered once more in my homely but picturesque peasant's dress, and I felt that I was going to perform prodigies. It was somewhat unfortunate that the first person to enter the scene was my mother. It was impossible to act a serious scene with her. Beyond the fact that she provoked a titter at nearly every speech, the better part of this act passed off smoothly. Then came the great situation of Claude's determination to join the army, and I braced myself up for it. "In the almost frantic speech with which Claude closes this act it is his business to say, 'Mother, your blessing,' and also to drop on his knees to get it. Now, whether through being carried away by my acting or from her own nervousness, my unfortunate mother dropped on her knees at the very moment I was about to drop on mine. I pulled her up and tried to get down myself, but down she went again, and we fell to bobbing up and down like two jacks-in-boxes. The audience began to shout, and even Pauline, despite her maddening jealousy of my success, gave way to loud laughter. They wanted to call me out again, but I declined. As I braced my face for the last act, tied my tri-colored sash around my waist and assumed my cocked hat, I almost wildly hoped that the audience would go away.

The early part of the first scene of the fifth act is occupied by General Damas and the three officers. The first of these and the general appeared on the scene, and Isaac Newton played the second officer, and had to enter through the prompt-box door. Isaac looked respectful in his uniform, and I really didn't see how he could get into trouble again. When his cue was given he made a bold dash for the stage. But Isaac had forgotten the little ledge about two inches high that separated the bottom of the door from the stage, and he tripped over it and fell sprawling. The third officer followed his superior so fast that he could not save himself, and fell on top of Isaac. When the audience allowed them, they all proceeded with the dialogue, and when the three officers retired, General Damas, who in private life was my cherished friend, had the bad taste to say: "If they're soldiers, they must belong to the *backward squad*," which, of course, set the audience to laughing again, and did not prepare them for the tragic gloom of my coming scene. Nor, indeed, was it very friendly of my friend to pretend to get mixed up in his speech to me, and, instead of saying, "The man that sets his heart upon a woman is a chameleon, and doth feed on air," to call him a low comedian almost before my very face.

The last scene came like all last scenes. When Pauline asked me if I knew Claude Melnotte, I said, "Myself and misery know the man," with a depth of sincerity which, in happier circumstances, would have thrilled the house. I did not even groan when I again suffered through that property-man, who, instead of giving me a pocketbook, handed me a network purse supposed to contain gold. This I threw on the table, remarking, "I could use a pocketbook, for your priceless jewel; there is the sum twice told." The treacherous thing gave way and a dozen bits of broken crockery-ware rolled on the stage. I was torpid now, and even smiled at the mirth of the public. But Pauline roused me up to a sense of duty. She shrieked: "That voice! Thou art—!" I answered: "I am, I was, thy husband!"

I didn't know what I was saying, but I saw what was coming. Pauline was; she had given herself a run of eight feet to get fairly at me. I stood squarely on my feet; I didn't run away, as many a man in my position might have been justified in doing. I held out my arms and she came like the rushing whirlwind. Great powers, the shock! I stood it for about the twinkling of an eye, and then fell prostrate, but not inglorious. Of course Pauline fell also, and the stage shook beneath us. Before I was quite smothered I cried, "Ring down the curtain!" but General Damas, who had yet some "fat" lines to say, didn't want it rung down. The manager rushed from his room, and seeing the situation, had the curtain down in a moment.

I have never played Claude Melnotte since, and I hope you now understand why I regard *The Lady of Lyons* as a tragedy.

Under the Willows.

BY ALICE MANSFIELD.

Under the willows we sat and dreamed,
When the day was drowsily still,
Save for the sound of distant oars
And the click-click of the mill.

Under the willows my darling dozed
Her hair with berries red,
Seeming like coral sprays to crown
The grace of her dainty head.

Under the willows her floating dress
Took a strange, ethereal light;
Fancy had said, "From the river's depths
Here has risen a water-sprite."

Under the willows my darling gave
Promise sweet with sweeter voice;
Happy, the birds burst forth in song,
As if they, too, did rejoice.

Fred.

BY FRED. MARSDEN.

Cicero has declared that no man writes against fame without placing his name at the head of his work; but as my subject is not fame, but a dog, I may venture to affix my signature.

Fred was a black-and-tan. He was small, had a good head, was well-behaved, and possessed of a tail most expressive in its appreciation of courtesies extended. How I became acquainted with Fred, those who care to read this sketch will discover.

Most men have some hobby in the pursuit of which they find relaxation from the daily cares and labors of life. The more arduous the duties, the more welcome the hobby. My hobby was a strange one; it was an all-absorbing interest in all that related to the subject of vivisection. I studied curious old books; read all that was written for and against the subject, and was duly horrified by the accounts of the terrible sufferings of the helpless animal under the knife of the operator. I was convinced that the speaking advocates of suffering silence were right, and so expressing myself one evening to a learned physician, was met by the complacent reply that there could be no cruelty where there was no suffering; that anesthetics produce a delightful sensation, and, in short, that the dogs like it.

Being somewhat curious, I was permitted to enter a surgery, and as a private spectator, satisfy myself as to the truth of the assertion. This is what I witnessed, and after reading it who will deny that the professor was right and that the dog liked it?

Upon my arrival, at the appointed time, I found the professor and his assistant busily experimenting with a rick, their aim being, not the bull's-eye, but the discovery of the maximum amount of air displaced by the transit of a conical bullet across twenty feet of laboratory. The target remained in a state of virgin purity, but the atmosphere suffered. A delicate apparatus was next applied to the gun, the object being to determine the amount of nerve force expended by holding a rifle for one minute in a perfectly horizontal position. These learned experiments were undertaken with a view to a forthcoming lecture before a class of medical students as to the most rapid means of killing the most pigeons at one shot, that being the only kind of vivisection now performed in public.

The gun being placed on one side, a door, cluttered with blood, was thrown open, and a little dog bounded into the room. He was received with every courtesy by the professor, and the assistant, with great gentleness, lifted him up and placed him upon the operating table. A sponge, saturated with ether, was placed over his mouth with the tenderest solicitude for his lungs, and the dog, not to be outdone in politeness, wagged his tail. I began to believe that the professor was right, and that he liked it. After a few exclamations in dogology, which I am forced to admit I could not understand, the dog turned over and went to sleep. The professor, covered with a gown, took up a small knife and, with the utmost delicacy and

kindness, performed the operation of gastrotomy, opened the animal, cut a small hole in his stomach, inserted a glass tube, which he termed a gastric fistula, then sewed up the wound with the utmost gentleness, and the only apparent change in the animal was a somewhat awkward tube protruding from his belly. The professor, with great forethought, had closed the orifice, for, as he kindly said, "he didn't want the poor fellow to let himself out." All this time the dog was perfectly quiet—he liked it. The sponge having now been removed, the dog appeared to realize that he was coming back from whence he had gone out.

He tried to walk, but somehow he didn't seem to take much interest in it. The assistant said he was only drunk. I said nothing, but I thought I knew many men fond of stimulants who wouldn't care to get drunk under the same circumstances. He tried to wag his tail, but somehow there didn't appear to be much wag left in it. The assistant took up a violin and with great feeling played "Old Dog Tray." The dog seemed to recognize the air. I began to feel certain the professor was right—that he liked it.

I asked the object of the operation. The tube was inserted in the stomach in order to obtain that powerful solvent, gastric juice. When the animal had recovered from his spree the cork in the outside of the tube would be withdrawn, a feather inserted with the greatest kindness through the tube, the lining of the mucous membrane gently tickled, and the gastric juice thereby generated would flow into a vessel held ready to receive it. While this is being done by the professor, the assistant explains to the dog what it is all about. The dog has nothing to suffer save a certain undue familiarity with his internal organism, and in return a large body of young men are enabled to readily perceive that while the gastric juice can get away with an oyster in a very short time, it makes an awful fuss over old and strong Dutch cheese.

At this time the dog was lying in a corner. He seemed comfortable, and was busily engaged in trying to make out what was the strange-looking object he had just discovered in his stomach.

I left him to pursue his researches, fully convinced that however strange it might appear to me—the dog liked it.

The dog is yet living and in good health. As I received word that he had been named after me, I at once acknowledged the honor by sending him—a new cork.

A Savannah Tragedy.

BY JOHN HOSWON.

A characteristic habit of the profession, that among actors is well known (and which in many cases is experienced for once, at least), is a kind of banter, that may be good-humored, sarcastic or practical; a sort of hazing, in fact, the severity of which is generally governed by the estimate placed upon the subject under treatment.

The actor is adjudged by the people of the lay world as being unlike his fellow-mortals in his views and mode of life, perhaps for the reason that he is in a breath and by turns the petted, spoiled, neglected, the fashionable and the *pass* creature of the public whim. This is not so, for he comes within the category of the cockney philosopher's all embracing remark that "Human nature's werry human." The "child is father to the man," and as the new boy at school has to run the gauntlet, and in the running prove himself worthy, so has the new member of a Thespian brotherhood to do. Hazing is by no means confined to the twelve decks of a vessel or a West Point academy; nor to the haze on account of his color. Were it otherwise the actor might in his martyrdom exclaim with Othello, "Haply, for I am black," and let the hard be his consolation. There is no color-line in the professional status, unless one draws it at grease-paint. And that line is purely imaginary, since the brotherhood all use grease-paint, even under pain of having to borrow a bit of "flesh No. 2," which is usually done at the expense of the new member, and forms an item in the many schemes of hazing, that comprise dressing-room chaff, mislaying "quick-change" articles and the like. But to the credit of histrionic goodfellowship, let it be said, the results are generally quite harmless.

I confess to having afforded some amusement to a band of brother (and sister) artists on a certain night, just ten years ago, in Savannah, Georgia. Up to a certain point the affair was a perfect joke at my expense, but a flaw in their plans gave me my chance for revenge. I humored the jest until my Roland for 'Seir Oliver was matured and put into execution. The result was a complete success, and the hazers had their first intimation of the hazing's exchange of compliment the next morning, when copies of the newspaper that contained the subjoined extract met their astonished gaze.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

One of the most daring and dastardly attempts at assassination that we ever have been called upon to record took place at the Savannah Theatre last evening. An immense audience had assembled to enjoy the farce preceding the comic opera of *Les Bavarards*, by the unequalled Mrs. Gates-Titus' burlesque company. Every available spot that could afford sitting or standing room was occupied, and even the aisles and lobbies were packed with a living mass of humanity. The splendid appearance of the entire company and the more than usual brilliance and dash of the fairest star of the evening, had led the audience in a spell of rapture throughout the several scenes. The last act had commenced and was in successful progress, when, suddenly, from behind the scenery, came the quick, sharp report of a pistol. Many in the audience supposed this to be a part of the play, but there were others who knew that there must have been something wrong, as at the instant a scuffling noise was heard, and then Mr. John Hoswon, one of the leading members of the company, not in stage costume, but with disheveled hair and terrified expression, leaped from one of the side wings and rushed to a frantic manner across the stage.

This would not have caused any particular notice, had not the faces of two of the comedians, who were at the moment performing ludicrous characters on the stage, assumed a ghastly and terrified appearance, and their knees seemed to rattle together very much at variance with the plucking delicacies they were rendering. The farce was ended as though nothing had happened, and a newspaper reporter, who had taken the situation in at a glance when the explosion was first heard, quickly hastened to the stage and witnessed a scene that will never be forgotten. Mr. John Hoswon was in a high state of excitement, supported by his brother and surrounded by the entire company, whose faces were indicative of some terrible alarm. Two of the comedians had seized stage muskets and seemed prepared to resist an assault of a mob. In the next instant half-a-dozen excited voices of the scene-writers, carpenter and dockkeepers simultaneously explained the facts.

It appears that during the performance of the previous night, by permission, as usual, Mr. Hoswon had on a stage "cat" or "lead bit," mentioning the name of a very clever and highly respectable gentleman of the city, who became offended and expressed the strongest disapprobation. The next day (yesterday) he called at the theatre and there about it, but Mr. Hoswon was not to be got. The other actors, thinking the opportunity to come to base for a private nursing pile, conspired to mock up Mr. Hoswon's feelings when he returned, and exaggerated the account of the manner of the gentleman greatly, adding that he had a pistol pointed at about his waist.

Mr. Hoswon being deeply grieved at the misapprehension, immediately penned a note apolo-

gizing and disclaiming any intention of assailing the feelings of anyone.

Night came and the hour for the commencement of the farce arrived. Mr. Hoswon, who was not to appear, said the next place was about to occur, the scene was changed, and a fourth act, had his hand upon the curtain, and exclaimed, "What do you mean, say the gentleman's name without leave or license?"

Mr. Hoswon, seeing the intense excitement under which the gentlemen were laboring, quickly seized the curtain, stepped in and attempted to close it, but with the electric force it was dashed open, almost throwing off his balance. At the same time the stage lights were thrown about at the one instant. The first thing about Mr. Hoswon's eyes, and exclaiming, "That's about about," he made a desperate plunge and was, and was about the stage.

When this narrative was read there was a general scattering and quiet calls for the police, who at once appeared. At the same suggestion of a terrible assault upon the names of all the gentlemen mentioned in the "cat" were tremendously frightened, and the musical brother did the detectives to secure the city and forest out the guilty one.

Presidentially Mr. Hoswon was found to be unharmed, with the exception of a blister from the heat of the scene, and a slight bruise on the forehead, the result of the energetic proprietor of the theatre leading and carrying off his balance. "I'll give fifty dollars to know who did that shot!"

The performance of *Les Bavarards* was then postponed to an indefinite date. Mr. Hoswon, with excellent nerve, proved for an instant forgetting the terrible assault through which he had just passed, and before the police and a detachment of police officers had time to enter the theatre, he had disappeared from the scene.

THE AMIABLE OPERA COMPANY.
Behind the scenes in theatrical life there are many curious doings. It was in this instance.

The man who fired the shot was Mr. Frank H. Hoswon, the musical director of the troupe, and brother to the man whose life he had placed in such deadly peril.

Now we reveal the plot. The actors who intended to play upon the untutored nerves of Mr. Hoswon, and suggested about the existence of the gentleman and his throat and pistol, were completely deceived, and the laughing comedians were mortally scared themselves. The Hoswon brothers had "put up" the whole "job." The scuffle at the door with the stranger was performed entirely by the Hoswon brothers, and the musical brother did the shooting; Mr. Jones, of the troupe, and the stage carpenter only being in the secret.

"How is this for a by?"
It is a flattering tribute to Mr. Hoswon's abilities as an actor, seeing that he sustained a dual role during the evening—that of the chattering wife of Samson to the audience and as an afflicted Thespian when amongst his fellow artists. The hoax they would have enjoyed at his expense was given them, and with compound interest.

The Amiable Opera Company.
BY FREDERICK LESLIE.

We were fifty-two strong, including chorus, and all friendly. Fancy that! Our prima donna—place and dance—was one of the most charming of donne, and really cared for and was friendly toward the contralto, who in return lauded her to the sky borders and dwelt on the perfection of her trill; which further evoked from the aforesaid P. D. an eulogium on the remarkable clearness of the C's lower register. Our *soubrette* saw something really good in the acting of our first old woman, and the latter assured the former she was never in her younger days the good actress she (the *soubrette*) was. Why, our tenor was actually in rapport with the baritone and first low comedian. Fancy that! And the T. and F. L. C. often invited the B. to their respective clubs to chew and chat over the best means to mutually benefit each other in the new piece.

"Now, look here," said "Commy" to "Tenny," "this is your scene absolutely, dear boy, and I wouldn't dream of doing anything in it for fear of spoiling you."
"Not at all," argued "Tenny"; "it is yours without doubt, and I shall simply play into your hands!"

Then "Harry" suggested he would cut his pet song, the *numero de resistance*—a cantabile movement certain of three encores, and coming just in the middle of Act II.—because he thought it was unfair to dear "Tenny," preceding by only half an hour his serenade in G.

Our first old man, aged seventy, deferred all stage business to our latest dude addition, a society second tenor, and was never once heard to say, "Ah! when I played with Charles Kean!" Then the gentlemen of the chorus all admired one another's voices, and you might see knots of say six tenors admitting that the principal tenor's voice was a first-rate one, that they could quite understand his right to the position he held, and that they never hoped themselves to reach it. Not one of the baritone chorists had ever played the Captain or said "What never!" and each really believed the other's voice to be stronger and more phrasable than his.

The ladies of the chorus with the "arched nose" praised the facial expression of those with the *net retentive*, and *retentive*. The stage hands were non-expectorants, and the ladies with long trains were quite vexed at the clean condition of the stage. The dressing-rooms were actually papered and carpeted and quite comfortably upholstered and kept, oh! so neat and clean. The wardrobe-keeper insisted upon putting pockets in the costumes and hooks and eyes, and never once gave us blue tights when we needed green and said that was the nearest she could get.

The property-man was quiet and courteous and never said, "Won't a sword do? when we wanted a gun. The introduction of songs and speedy acceptance of encores was insisted on by our musical director, who, furthermore, never pressed punctuality at rehearsals, at which seats were provided for the chorus-ladies and gentlemen. The box-office keeper and treasurer were earnestly endeavoring to relieve each other in the day's work, and our manager loved and was beloved by all, often raising the salary, without request, of an artist who had made a failure. We were indeed happy!

Some Epigrams.

BY FRED. MARSDEN.

A good fellow—one who hesitates before some obstacle in life, helps another chap over, and gets kicked for his pains.

Antiquarian—A human crab, facing the past and walking backward to the future.

Well named art thou, great Bacchus, and I wear
No festal garb all who worship at thy shrine.

Jealousy is so much a part of woman's nature that there can hardly be a doubt that Eve inspected Adam in order to assure herself that he had given no more ribs to other women.

Hope, like a Cere, ever sings,
Of brighter days in store;
Yet trust it not, it always brings
The same old days of yore.

We see but brighter fields beyond,
And blunder rush ahead—
Unmindful that the sweeter flowers
Are oft those that we tread.

An old woman who paints—Age holding up
A flag of truce to Time.

Life's but a span within Fate's keeping;
We see but brighter fields beyond,
Yet trust it not, it always brings
The same old days of yore.

Dreams—Indigestion.
Love—Dreams without the indigestion.

Marriage—Indigestion without the dream.

"A Little Pious Fraud."

BY MARY H. FISKE.

No. 20 Clements Row was the most aristocratic and pretentious of all the houses in that quiet locality. Rare face curtains fell behind the enormous plates of glass in the grand bow windows.

Magnificent carvings in sombre lacquer jutted out in all possible places upon the front of the wonderful edifice. House carvings filled the panels of the massive door. An atmosphere of wealth struck the visitor even at the threshold, for the translated marble beneath his feet and the marvelous flowers of the vestibule cried out of money before the bronze gates swung open and admitted a glimpse of the grandeur lying beyond. No wonder, then, that Alice St. John turned over and over in her poorly gloved hand the letter of the educational agent introducing her as an applicant for the post of governess, vacant in that great house. Twice she essayed to move the big outer door, and she turned and fled with trembling footsteps down the broad sweep of steps and across to an emerald of a park set in among the encircling grand houses.

Impressively and despondent, the young girl watched listlessly the groups of richly dressed children playing within. One child more than the others attracted her notice. It was the figure of a girl of eight or ten, who, with face prematurely old and thoughtful, sat apart from the groups romping noiselessly about. A waxen doll laid unheeded on the seat beside her; the small hands tugged nervously at a bit of the hedge cloth behind her, and the child's expression took on so much of the anxiety gnawing at poor Alice's heart that unconsciously that young lady watched the girl with growing interest. As a white-capped servant approached, Alice heard the imperious command issued by the spoiled child:

"I desire you to go with the other nurses and leave me alone, Jane."

"I know, Miss Georgine, but the doctors say you must play."

"They say nothing of the kind; they say, 'take the air with girls of your own age.' If those things wish to leap about like frogs, I do not."

The nurse went off to her chums to discourse wisely of the queer ways of her charge, and Georgine, in a fit of confidence, seized her doll and, half to the waken image and half to herself, began to speak:

"Oh! Dolly, if they'd only leave us to our dreams—these tiresome servants—or if we could only escape from this fine silly life and go seek our fortunes out in the world!"

"You would find it a sad fate, dear little girl," said a sweet voice behind her, and Georgine turned hastily and confronted the pale face of Alice St. John.

"I was not speaking to you," loftily remarked the spoiled child.

"But I was speaking of that which I knew and which you desired—a battle with fortune. The world is a hard one for a poor, friendless young girl."

"Are you poor and without friends?"

"Well, my child," replied Alice, "never mind about me. There are unnumbered thousands of friendless girls. It's a bitter thing to need a comfortable home and some one's watchful care."

The impulsive Georgine was interested. Springing up she unfastened the gate and bade the pale-faced stranger sit beside her. "I suppose it's wrong to wish for freedom, but if you knew how from week's end to week's end I am watched like a baby—"

"Probably that watchfulness is prompted by affection."

"Oh! they all say they are very fond of me. First there's my grandmother. She demands an hourly account of my behavior and my health. Then there's Aunt Cynthia. She wants me properly brought up—a pattern of propriety. Then there is, or rather was, my governess, whose duty was to make life an unending lesson of some kind or other. Then there's Christine, the nurse; she don't get her natural rest in her anxiety about my food and appearance."

Alice laughed in spite of her troubles. "Ah, this solicitude betokens what an important and dearly loved little creature you are. And which kind friend would you like best to be parted from? Ah! I see you'd not be parted willingly from any one of them."

"Wouldn't I? You should have seen how I bore with Madame Desmagne's departure."

"Who was Madame Desmagne?"

"The dreadful governess! I have one cause for thankfulness; I have not learned a lesson in a fortnight."

"But a governess is a necessary evil," said Alice.

"Not a horrible creature in spectacles, who is altogether awful."

"I don't know that that description is correct in all cases. I am a governess."

"You a governess and don't wear glasses! Oh! that's impossible. Grandmother wouldn't have one in the house without glasses."

"Then I must be reconstructed, for, my dear child, I have been a governess for two years, and was only to-day seeking another situation; and if it's demanded that my class should be short-sighted I must get the spectacles."

Alice, as she spoke, turned her letter of introduction over and over in her hands. The sharp eyes of Georgine discerned the super-scription.

"Why, that letter is for Aunt Cynthia!" she said.

"Is Miss Mather your aunt?"

"She is indeed. We live across the way, in yonder. Were you going to apply for Madame Desmagne's place?"

"This is a letter introducing me to Miss Mather."

"Of all people I would like you best for governess," said the impulsive Georgine; "but of all people you would never be selected. Why, your hair is curly and thick and reddish in color. Not that sort of head in our home for governess! Your eyes are bright and blue, your face is fair, and your throat white and lovely. But I want you; I will have you; but we must make a change in your looks."

"I can wear high ruffles about my throat, and perhaps straighten my hair a little, and wear a cap to hide much of its offending color," suggested Alice.

"And get a pair of grey-glass spectacles. Then if I took a fancy to you, and vowed to study faithfully with you, I do not doubt you would get the position."

"I will try for it, at all events. How fortunate it was that I met you to-day," said Alice.

"For both of us," returned the girl. "I know I shall love you. I never did love any one but papa, and he has been away from me five years. After mamma died, papa went

away to Russia. It is delightful to think I shall have you to live with and go about with, instead of that foolish Christine."

The little plan of Georgine and Alice worked to a charm. With the sunny locks wet and closely braided beneath a black lace cap, with a plain alpaca cape pinned high about the throat, and a formidable pair of spectacles mounted on the delicately formed nose, our heroine boldly presented her letter. Everything proved satisfactory. The spoiled darling was called in and evinced a liking for the proposed governess. That settled the matter, and Alice St. John slept under the roof of No. 20 Clements Row that very night.

The strongest affection soon bound the instructress and pupil together, and great joy reigned in the family over the vast improvement Georgine made under Miss St. John's tuition. After study hours the two would occasionally drive out for an airing. It was on one of these expeditions that the ponies became restless and finally, setting at defiance the gentle rule of Alice, took it into their heads to indulge in a modified sort of runaway. The occupants of the basket wagon were in no sort of danger, but Georgine screamed and clung to Alice's arm till such little command as she had over the ponies was lost altogether. Away they sped, till abreast of the depot a gentleman about to follow his baggage into the carriage, sprang to their assistance and quickly stopped the runaways and helped Alice and Georgine out of the phaeton.

The little girl gave one look at her governess and exclaimed: "Oh! Miss Alice, you've lost your spectacles and your hair is all down!"

Indeed, as she stood in some excitement beside the vicious beasts, Alice was a vision of disordered youthful beauty. The spectacles were gone; the sunny rings of hair had escaped from the thralldom of braids and pins and blew unheeded about her fresh face. The gentleman who had aided them looked the admiration he felt for the handsome girl.

Georgine clasped her hands in despair.

Georgine sighed. The mention of her absent father always brought a cloud to her youthful face. It seemed so hard that other girls passed their lives with father and mother, while she had never known much of either.

"Have you just come from that far country, Russia, where my father stays so long?" she asked, surveying the foreign garments of the stranger.

"No, my dear. I have not been in Russia for some years."

"Did you ever see my father when you were there?"

"Yes, often."

"He never told you he had a little girl at home, I suppose."

"His child is very dear to him, Miss Georgine."

The new friend turned to meet the despondent governess, who was returning from an unsuccessful search down the road. An older governess might not have fallen as easily into the new alliance, but Alice was nearly as much of a girl as Georgine, and the two were on the best possible terms in no time, discussing freely with the stranger the state of affairs. She accepted his advice, which was to tie her head up and remain within her room that night and await the arrival of a gross of grey glasses in the morning.

It was a merry party that telegraphed to the neighboring city for the spectacles, and it was a confidential party that sat around the little refreshment table of the railway depot, and with feelings of mutual satisfaction Alice and her charge left their new-found friend, Mr. Herbert, in the road behind the splendid mansion in Clements Row.

Alice retired to her room and Georgine, during the evening, asked Aunt Cynthia if she knew a friend of her father's, Mr. Herbert.

"One of our earliest and best friends," said that lady, decidedly. "Your father is named after John Herbert."

And Georgine crept off to her governess to reassure that young lady, who had indulged in

"My dear Alice, we will lay aside until old age the cap and spectacles that disfigure my charming girl so thoroughly at present."

"They have been the means of giving me a good home and making me very happy, therefore I bear them no ill will. I regret but one thing—parting with Georgine," said Alice. "I have an idea, could you not write to her father, explain all our affairs, and ask him to let Georgine travel with us?"

"I will make the application, Alice, and urge your wishes upon him with my best eloquence."

"Yes, yes," said the governess, with enthusiasm. "It would render my happiness complete. Georgine, my love," she continued, as the girl came dancing toward her; "sit here and let me tell you a story—almost a fairy story. There was once a poor young girl who fortunately met one day a most charming young lady."

"You are certainly referring to me," interrupted Georgine.

"And the pair became fast friends, and after a time two dappled ponies introduced them to a gallant prince."

"Which his name was Herbert."

"Have patience, Georgine; the most remarkable part of this interesting narrative is to come. The poor maiden found favor in the mighty man's eyes, and one day, when the sweet young lady was dashing about amid the fallen forest leaves, the prince asked the lovely Alice to be his princess, to share his throne and travel and see strange countries."

"And you're going to do it," cried Georgine, springing to her feet. "Oh! Alice, don't say you are going to leave me. I wish you had never come here, Mr. Herbert, if this is all true," and the child's tears fell thick and fast.

"Ah! but listen, Georgine. The prince and princess will write to the high and mighty Emperor Latimer to yield up the care of his noble little daughter."

"Alice must not discover her engagement until Christmas night," said Mr. Herbert. "I will leave for Paris to-morrow, where I am cer-

and much trouble, the girls heard the loud laughter of strange people and with beating hearts they went down to welcome the renowned master and his friend, Mr. Herbert, for that worthy was in his company they both knew, since his hearty voice was ringing in the hall as they entered the drawing room.

There was Mrs. McArdle, still in her grey satin, and the spinster Cynthia, in grey stuff. There was the parson of the parish, who had married Miss McArdle to Mr. Latimer ten years before. There was the doctor of the parish, who had skillfully buried Mrs. Latimer five years before. There was the worthy Judge Dinnoch, who managed Mr. Latimer's affairs at No. 20 Clements Row, and Mr. Herbert, the Prince of Alice's fairy tale, who advanced quickly and took that young lady's trembling hand and led her forward.

But where was the destined prince? Georgine and Alice both glanced wonderingly round.

"And who is this?" simultaneously ejaculated the McArdle ladies. "Who is that?" and they bent their barren-struck gaze on the fair Alice.

"It's my governess, Miss St. John," proudly answered Georgine.

"It's my affianced wife," tenderly added Mr. Herbert.

"Your wife! Your affianced wife, John Latimer?" screamed the McArdles.

"John Latimer," echoed Alice.

"My father," cried Georgine; "Mr. Herbert my father?" It was a moment of such unbounded confusion on one side and surprise on the other that in the ensuing confusion no one arrived at a very clear comprehension of the case.

The McArdles are yet belugged and believe to this day that Miss Alice St. John secured their precious No. 20 at the instigation of the arch plotter, John Latimer, who desired his young betrothed should know and win the love of his child before taking the place of mother.

Georgine's joy was little short of hysterical as she realized that the two dearest people of earth were therefore to be father and mother to her. And Alice? Well, supposing we say that Christmas is always a joyous season, and that all the happiness and joyful surprise of a thousand Christmases made up the sum of this one to our fair young ladies who had so successfully practiced a "little pious fraud."

Blow the Trumpet.

A desire for publicity may be pronounced the leading motive or necessity of the age. Personally, socially, politically, commercially, theoretically, and so through the whole domain of life and nature, every man tends to be exploited and sent to the very end of creation. To this end, locally, he calls into requisition picture cards, enormous many-colored posters on fences, large-lettered announcements on house gables, participations sandwiched between show-boards and in fact whatever the ingenuity of never-resting notoriety-seeking people can devise.

Simpler methods formerly prevailed. It was thought sufficient by Ponce, of Hockwood fame, to employ the poets of the time to rhyme his commodity. Another in the same line, H. N. Wild, the confectioner, issued occasional pamphlets containing a tale, the interest of which turned on a visit to his candy store. His greatest stroke of advertising enterprise was to send out a host of small paper balloons over the city, which discharged from time to time a shower of circulars, dropping into every street, by-way, yard and nook and corner of the town.

Of course the basis of all this business is self-laudation and the magnification of candles and other wares for the market. The same impulse imparts life to similar enterprises of the present day. The struggle is to strain a language to the utmost stretch to impress upon the world the importance, the grandeur, the excellence and celebrity of the article commended, whether it be a new soup or a newly-arrived singer, a baking powder or a patent folding bed. The mania has furiously invaded the premises of the fine arts, and has gained there, it will appear, a remarkable ascendancy. As an example in point we may cite a circular slip placed in our hands on Broadway the other day which makes known the claims of a female lecturer to be heard in a forthcoming entertainment. We can safely assert that it surpasses all that we have heretofore seen in this line. We do not gild the encomiums—we merely cite them—as given and authenticated in the printed pronouncement. Quoth a Washington journal: "She is a speaker of extraordinary beauty and power, handles her subject with wonderful ability. She also recites inspirational poems of rare beauty." This is moderate—a famous author (deceased) is quoted as saying: "Say what you will of her source of inspiration, whether she speaks her own thoughts or those of other spirits, it comes as near to supernatural eloquence as the most hesitating faith could require." An English member of Parliament begins to "pile it up" and boldly asserts: "If six of the most highly gifted minds in England had united with six similarly gifted minds in America and applied their combined intellects for six months in arranging a lecture that would be faultless, they would not have produced the one delivered by" the enlarged party.

Finally, and by way of a Niagara outpour, to close the panoramic presentation, it is recorded on the laudatory programme, that at the farewell reception given to the lady on "the eve of her departure from San Francisco," an ex-Mayor in the course of his speech said: "I have heard Daniel Webster, Clay and Calhoun, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone and other eminent speakers, but, after carefully considering my words, I say for eloquence and depth and breadth of thought I have never heard Mrs. Blank's equal."

Can this be so and overcome us like a Summer cloud and yet we not know it? Is it possible that such an intellectual Jumbo is stalking about among us, distributing such phenomenal circulars on our most frequented thoroughfares, and yet not to be further heard from? Where are our enterprising managers, our fair and lecture committees, our wholesale jobbers in tickets, one month in advance?

One of John E. Owens' managers informs a Mirror man that the veteran is getting along very nicely with Cooke's Corners. Old theatre goes quickly recognize an old favorite. The Corners has been partly re-written and otherwise improved. Mr. Owens has concluded to revive some of his successes of former days among them 'Caleb Plummer and S. John Skibing. The company goes West, where good dates have been secured. This is an able week owing to the banning of the Windsor. At short notice the manager was unable to fill the vacant time elsewhere.



ROLAND REED.

"Whatever shall we do?" she almost sobbed; "it will never do to go home this way to Aunt Cynthia."

"We must go back the road we have just come over and try and find the glasses," calmly answered Alice.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the stranger.

"Don't let Peter see you, Miss Alice," again interposed the anxious child. "Drive the ponies home, Peter," she added, "and say Miss St. John and I will walk."

Alice tried to remember at what stage of their late journey the fugitive glasses had deserted the party.

"Your friend must have the glasses," the stranger said to Georgine; "has she much trouble with her eyes?"

"She has none; her eyes are as good as yours."

"Ah, indeed; then I should say it is not a serious loss."

"Well, we can't go home without them; that's all."

The gentleman looked puzzled, but in a consoling vein advised them to go home and make the best of it. "Explain the loss and in the meantime I will send someone to carefully search for these important spectacles."

"Explain, indeed. Why, don't you see how young she looks. It would be all discovered."

The stranger looked as puzzled as he felt. Georgine, with her usual impulsive fashion, ran on. "I may as well tell you then that these spectacles help my dear Miss Alice to make believe thirty when she's only eighteen; and in that way she became my governess, and now, when we go home, it will all be out."

"Pray, who are you, my young lady?" he asked.

"I am Georgine Latimer."

"Oh Clements Row?"

"Yes, No. 20 Clements Row."

"I am glad to have met you, my child," said the gentleman. "I am a friend of your father's, and delighted to see his little girl."

There were yet many days before Christmas, and so well did Mr. Herbert improve his opportunities that Alice felt very great delight, but not much surprise, when one bright afternoon, among the tall chestnut trees in the broad park, Mr. Herbert asked her to end her career as governess and become his wife. He had made himself acquainted with Alice St. John's previous life; had unbosomed his own past; he had told her of his early experience. Georgine's father and young Herbert had been in college together. With unformed minds and unschooled hearts, they had married. In Mr. Herbert's case the marriage had been productive of nothing but misery, and when the wayward, delicate young woman sickened and died, the husband resolved never to marry again.

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tain to find your father, and win him I will."

It was with many misgivings Georgine passed the intervening day. It had been arranged that on Christmas night also Alice was to dispense with the "semi-opaque grey pebbles," was to let loose the flood of pent-up hair, array herself in bride-like white, and undecieve the eyes of Aunt Cynthia and Grandmama—the guarding agencies culled from the late Mrs. Latimer's family, who had long looked on No. 20 Clements Row as their hereditary property.

But an awful shock occurred on Christmas week. A letter came from Mr. Herbert, and amid the fervid vows it contained, was the announcement that the absent father was about to return. Clements Row never saw such a commotion. The same post brought the official declaration to Grandmama and Aunt Cynthia, and the work of preparation began.

"This effectively settles my coming out in my true colors on Christmas eve," said Alice to her little confidant. "I'd never presume on any such surprise before your grave and reverend father."

However, another day settled that, as Mr. Herbert wrote that all plans should be carried out as at first determined upon. Mr. Latimer knew the whole affair, and laughed heartily at the consternation in store for his relatives. Mrs. McArdle and Cynthia were not without inward tremblings. The two ladies bolstered each the other and quieted the misgiving this sudden home-coming occasioned. Georgine sat breathless contemplating the lovely young figure of Alice, for the first time arrayed in becoming garments. The "party dress" had been so far modified that only in color was it bride-like; for it was no more than a simple robe of pale blue silk; but the fair young face shone radiant from its frame of golden hair, and Georgine clasped her hands in delight at the undreamed charms that happiness and excitement lent an originally handsome girl.

The Row resounded with the rattle of a coach, and amid loud bangings of outer doors

and much bustle, the girls heard the loud laughter of strange people and with beating hearts they went down to welcome the renowned master and his friend, Mr. Herbert, for that worthy was in his company they both knew, since his hearty voice was ringing in the hall as they entered the drawing room.

There was Mrs. McArdle, still in her grey satin, and the spinster Cynthia, in grey stuff. There was the parson of the parish, who had married Miss McArdle to Mr. Latimer ten years before. There was the doctor of the parish, who had skillfully buried Mrs. Latimer five years before. There was the worthy Judge Dinnoch, who managed Mr. Latimer's affairs at No. 20 Clements Row, and Mr. Herbert, the Prince of Alice's fairy tale, who advanced quickly and took that young lady's trembling hand and led her forward.

But where was the destined prince? Georgine and Alice both glanced wonderingly round.

"And who is this?" simultaneously ejaculated the McArdle ladies. "Who is that?" and they bent their barren-struck gaze on the fair Alice.

"It's my governess, Miss St. John," proudly answered Georgine.

"It's my affianced wife," tenderly added Mr. Herbert.

"Your wife! Your affianced wife, John Latimer?" screamed the McArdles.

"John Latimer," echoed Alice.

"My father," cried Georgine; "Mr. Herbert my father?" It was a moment of such unbounded confusion on one side and surprise on the other that in the ensuing confusion no one arrived at a very clear comprehension of the case.

A True Story.

BY JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

PART I.

The papers of the day contain the following notice:

Marriage.—In St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. George H. Schenck, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Peck, William Hays Meigs and Marion, daughter of Meigs and Henry F. Meigs.

There have been more brilliant weddings, but none more elegant. The bride's family is *crème de la crème*, Mr. Meigs being one of our wealthiest bankers, a well-born, well-bred man of natural gifts and unusual culture. The bride is remembered pleasantly by guests of Congress Hall as a gay and graceful belle, well behaved and modest with all her beauty. Although the toadies of the press were not furnished with a list of garments, prices attached, as is the custom with the present race of society-made rich, I am given to understand that, from the enormous cheque from papa to the minutest detail from mamma, Miss Marion was abundantly furnished with all essentials for a prosperous and comfortable trip down the stream of time.

This match for 1882.

PART II.

The Herald of December 30, 1861, contained under the head of "Personals" the following:

WANTED.—To adopt from birth, a girl—light hair and blue eyes preferred; absolute surrender essential. Parents having such a child may send for it a few hours after it is born, and care will be taken to provide. Address, Foster & Co., 111 Broadway.

Two days after this advertisement appeared the wife of a soldier in the Federal Army was arriving in an attic of 165 Bleeker street. Her name was Mary Wilson. Her husband was a musician on the subject of regimentals and many a dollar had he wanted in upholding the militia of the State service. When war was declared, and the Three Months' Men started for the field of actual battle, Henry Wilson was a clerk in the clothing house of Devlin & Co., in Broadway. His salary was a thousand a year. He married Mary Maister, against the wishes of her family, in Portland, and together they boarded in West Eleventh street. When his regiment left for Annapolis, in July, he gave his wife \$150, and promised to send his pay home as fast as he received it. The little woman was glucky, as all women are, and although she dreaded to face the pangs that were to come, alone, she dried her eyes, waved a fond adieu to her soldier lad, and then went back to her lonely room to weep herself to sleep.

Days ran into weeks and weeks passed into months. Letters from Harry told of fire and fight, of death and exposure, and, worst of all, of an enlistment of "six months, or the war." That was a blow indeed. She had counted on his being back in three months at the longest, and as Mr. Seward and other wise men continually assured the country that the whole affair would blow over in thirty days, she surely was not to blame.

With nothing else to do, Mary turned her attention to sewing. Little, little garments were those she made. Tiny shirts, baby frocks and cunning flannel night-gowns lay side by side with little worsted slippers, of purest white, tied up with pink and blue ribbons.

What castles she built as she sat and purred and sewed all alone in her room, with Henry's picture, in wash and belt, before her!

Alack and alas!

A great battle, a glorious victory, vast captures of men and arms—but a dead husband was her portion.

Her friends lived in Maine. For more than a year all communication had ceased. Her husband had no relative this side of Oregon. What should she do? Her little store of money was gone. Two weeks' board was due. The chilled pavements of early Winter struck terror to her aching frame. November was gone; December had come, and with December was to come that for which she had hoped, for whom all those pretty things were made.

She had to move. Where could she go? She was not ready to ask for charity, and had she been she didn't know how to go about it. She sought cheap lodgings in Bleeker street. A colored woman allowed her a room in the attic, in which her own family slept. On her charity Mary lived.

Back pay?

Oh, no! Had her husband been a Major-General, for whom a big funeral was the proper caper, and to get whose back pay might have secured an advertisement of some cute claim-agent, there would have been no trouble. But he wasn't. He was a simple sergeant, and there wasn't enough pay due him to steal even. So poor Mary had nothing in her pocket, and nothing to promise as from the future.

What then?

Suffer. And that's what she did. She pawned her baby clothes for bread, and she pawned them for medicine, and when the final moment came, she parted with the last remnant, little woolen socks included, to provide a few dollars with which to pay her doctor.

Oh, the bitterness of that hour!

The baby was a girl, a bouncing, smiling, sweet-faced baby girl, and the thin-faced, exhausted, heart-broken mother hugged it to her breast and cried over it as if new life had come, forgetting for a moment the cruel world in which she was.

PART III.

Dr. Giles was not a hard man, but he wasn't given to working for fun. He wanted pay for what he did. And no pay, no work. Nevertheless, when he found that Mrs. Wilson had nothing—not even a tag in which to wrap her newborn baby—he looked at the three dollars the poor thing had freely handed him. He felt a little mean, and finally said: "See here, you know this won't do. I'll let your landlady spend this money for some clothes for the child and a bottle, and I'll come in again this evening." Mary broke down completely at this. It was the first sympathetic word she had heard, and some people are sensitive, you know. The next morning the doctor reappeared. After the usual pulse and tongue business he said: "Mrs. Wilson, I don't know as I have done right, but I have done what may be for the best. Here is an advertisement from yesterday's Herald. The family want a baby, and, strangely enough, they are my patients, so I know all about them. The husband is to know nothing about the fact. He has been married five years, is very rich, and his wife is about to become a mother. His wife is a charming person, and demands to be deceived simply that she may gratify her husband's longing for a child. I can promise your baby a happy home and all the comforts of life, but you will have to give up your baby."

"It seems hard, my dear child, but

after all isn't it better for her?—and that's what we have to think of."

"Well, to make a long story short, the Doctor finally persuaded Mary to consent. She was cold and hungry and in distress. Should she selfishly compel her little one to share her lot when, with a word, she could place her on a plane of comfort, and even luxury? The mother triumphed, and the Doctor bustled off to please his wealthy patient—and earn another fee.

CONCLUSIONS.

"And that's the girl who was married?"
"Yes."
"What's become of Mary?"
"I don't know."
"And the—so to speak—father, does he still believe Marion his daughter?"

"Certainly, for when his wife said to him in the dead silence of the night before the wedding, when nothing but the tick, tick of a great clock in the hall was heard, 'My dear, I have something of importance to tell you,' he listened out loud, and didn't hear a word. If he had listened he would be as wise as you and I. Let this be a lesson to other husbands. Yes, he believes Marion to be his own flesh and blood, and she is worthy not only of the brilliant present, but of the heroic past as well."
"Quite a little romance, isn't it?"

The Seasons.

BY DONALD ROBERTSON.

With music, with mirth, and with gladness,
Young Summer arose from her lair;
Gaily dressed in radiant sunshine and shadows,
She scattered across the green meadows,
And fastened a rose in her hair.

From the woods, where the winding ring of sadness,
Lonely Autumn beheld her and sighed;
Then he ran to her, caught her, caressed her,
And called her his own as he pressed her;
She but smiled on him once, and so died.

Then he knew neither gladness nor sadness,
But beside her he laid himself low;
And Winter came down from the mountains,
And, seeing them, hushed all the fountains,
And covered them over with snow.

Even so there are hopes that are godlike
In our youth when the warm blood is red;
Yet Autumn's grand kiss brings a pleasure,
That's pain for the loss of youth's treasure,
And age looks with love on its dead.

"Brick."

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.

"By thunder! that was plucky."
My book slipped slowly from my hand, and I turned in amazement at the sound of these words. I had been amusing myself by reading aloud—a habit I frequently indulged in, being rather proud of my elocutionary powers. This evening it was the "Charge of the Light Brigade" I had been energetically declaiming, when the above exclamation made me conscious that I had an audience.

Glancing across my room, I perceived, standing upon the threshold, a boy of perhaps fourteen years, but looking, scarcely more than twelve by reason of his small stature. He was far from handsome, being pock-marked and red-headed. A redeeming feature was his eyes, which at that moment glowed with excitement, while in either thin cheek the color flowed and ebbed like the tide. I had time to note the extreme delicacy of his physique and that his clothes, although old and much too large for him, were remarkably clean. He said:

"I beg pardon, sir, but it was most like the t'cayter. I'd liked to have been one of them chaps, though. They were plucky, they were."

"So you are an admirer of the heroic, my young friend," I said. Gravely raising his eyes to mine, he answered:

"Well, sir, if you mean as I like them as does things as is plucky, you can count me in." Somewhat amused at the boy's earnestness, I remarked:

"By the way, what can I do for you?"
"Cracky! I forgot all about it, and I was to see if there was an answer." So saying he produced a note from some hidden corner of his apparel, and as he advanced toward me I noticed for the first time that he limped slightly. Having given my attention to the note and its answer, I turned to address the boy. He stood gazing with rapt attention at my favorite picture.

It is only a humble cottage interior; but you feel that the artist's heart had prompted the delicate touches of the brush. The white, dainty curtain at the small window is drawn slightly aside, admitting long, slanting rays of sunshine that seem to flicker to and fro upon the carpetless floor and athwart the polished tins upon the mantel. An old eight-day clock occupies one corner, and a half-open cupboard door reveals an earthen crock and a row of cups and plates. Near the window is an old-fashioned chintz-covered chair; beside it, on a small table, lays a Bible, which appears to have been read but recently, a pair of spectacles marking its open page. A young man, whose fair face is still smooth as a girl's, stands proudly erect in the centre of the room, while his eyes are bent with a tender, regretful look upon the aged form of a woman, whose wrinkled hands are engaged in buckling on his maiden sword.

You can read the pride of the young recruit over his uniform in the firm carriage of his manly figure, and the sorrow of the boy at the thought of leaving mother in the tightened lines about his mouth. The old lady's cap is somewhat awry, doubtless rendered so by the clasp of her son's arms about her neck. You can see the grief struggling to hide itself under a smile in the poor mother's face, and you feel that he is her all, that she is bravely giving him up for her country's sake, albeit her old eyes may never rest upon her boy again.

On the window-sill is a flower-pot containing a rose and its bud. The rose's days are almost spent; its crimson petals lay scattered here and there; but the buds hold itself firmly erect beneath the caressing heart of the dying flower. Nothing seems to have been forgotten in the picture. There is tabby, who at any other time would have been quickly routed, quietly helping herself to milk from a bowl on the table, while a tiny kitten plays sportively with a ball of yarn attached to a half-knitted sock. Even the home-made mats upon the white boards are faithfully represented—faded and bearing the marks of time.

It rather pleased me, this young Arab's rapt attention to my pet painting, although I was somewhat surprised that he had singled it out from the others, some of which were rendered extra attractive to the generality of gazers by reason of their brilliant coloring. Touching his arm, I said:

"So you like my picture, 'The Widow's

Adieu.' Is that what it's called, sir," he answered; then he added: "I'd like to be him—it's pretty tough on the old woman, though; but I haven't

any mother, or nothing, so that wouldn't bother, if they'd take me; but they wouldn't among my leg."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Through a fight, sir."
"What, you fight?" I exclaimed, smiling slightly as I glanced at his delicate frame. I was sorry for my words when I noted the quick color dying in his cheeks as he said:

"Yes, sir; when I'm mad I can. It was all along of an old woman as was kind to me. She kept an apple-stand, and the fellows they was a teasing of her, and one on 'em he upset her stand, and I thought it a shame; so I just sailed in and licked him, and the gentleman as sent me with the note to you, he comes along just then and helps me, and then I feel a pain in my hip, and I don't know nothing till I wakes up in the hospital. The gentleman was good to me, he was, a-coming every week to ask me how I was a getting on."

I afterward learned from my friend that the boy had fought like a little tiger, gaining the day in spite of his adversary's size, none suspecting his hurt until, the affray being over, he fell in a senseless heap upon the ground.

During the Winter I came to understand and respect Brick more and more. Brick was the appellation he went by, and on my inquiring the reason of this peculiar cognomen (not that I exactly used that term to him), he had replied, raising his eyebrows with a comical air: "Well, sir, my hair being of a rather lively turn of mind, the boys took to calling me 'Bricktop,' but after awhile, owing to the hot season coming on, and they not feeling equal to the two on 'em, they jest drops to Brick, and there they've stuck."

As he did not appear to be aware of any other title he could lay claim to, and the name seeming adapted to him in more ways than one, I continued to call him by it, as my predecessors had done.

Brick was earning a livelihood as newsboy when I first ran across him; but, through my having considerable influence with a large hawking firm, I was able to procure him a situation to run errands and make himself generally useful. He worked with such a will and showed so much aptitude at figures that I had no doubt he would win promotion.

It became quite a matter of course for me to find Brick in my rooms evening after evening, devouring with eager interest the History of the Revolution or the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

As summer drew near, I decided that Brick should spend his holidays in visiting with me some of the scenes of the Revolution and at last the long-looked-for day arrived, finding Brick and I comfortably seated in a palace-car en route for Boston. I was busy answering the boy's many questions, nothing escaping his quick eyes, when, without the slightest warning, our car was hurled from the track. Never shall I forget the look upon Brick's face as, with a warning cry, he threw himself before me, thus averting the course of a huge beam crashing down upon us. I escaped with a few bruises, but Brick lay wedged in beneath the beam. Calling loudly for help, I fought my way through the splintered wood, smashing the glass with my hand, thus making an opening at which to crawl out.

The wildest confusion reigned; men with lanterns were running hither and thither, while above their excited tones was heard the wail of mothers who had had their little ones torn from their arms. Husbands were wildly seeking to extricate their wives, fathers their children, and the injured and the dead were being borne quickly past.

Soon I had ready and willing hands helping me to save Brick, I telling them how he had thrown himself between me and danger. When the poor little crushed form was brought to view the boy still breathed. In a few moments his eyes opened, and as they fell upon me a glad smile of recognition shone in their dark depths, and his weak hands sought to touch mine.

"Doctor," I called hastily, as that gentleman came toward us. Slightly raising himself, Brick glanced around, then clearly the words rang out:

"Never mind me, Doctor; I guess I'll die anyway. Take care of the rest."
"My brave boy!" murmured the Doctor, huskily, as he knelt and felt the feeble pulse.

"Brave," repeated the pale lips of the dying boy, while his eyes burned with an eager light. "Yes, I would like to have been brave. It's no good now though, but it would have been nice to have—died—a hero."

"Brick! Brick!" I cried, "do you not know—?"

I saw the doctor reverently raise his hat, and I knew that Brick had gone home. Gone, unconscious that he had died a hero's death.

Tabling the Turkey.

BY CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.

As the family entered the homestead on their return, the combined forces were just at the point of pitching their tent on the ground of the forthcoming engagement, in the shape of the ancient four-legged and wide-leaved table, with a cover of snowy whiteness, ornamented as with shields and weapons of quaint device, in the old plates of pewter, and the horn-banded knives and forks burnished to such a polish as to make the little room fairly glitter. Dishes streamed in, one after the other, in a long and rapid procession, piles of home-made bread, basins of apple-sauce, pickles, potatoes of vast proportion and mealy beauty. When the ancient and lordly pitcher of blue and white (whether freighted with new cider or old cold water need not be told) crowned the board, the first stage of preparation was complete, and another portentous pause ensued. The whole Peabody connection, arranged in stately silence in the front parlor, looked on through the open door in wonder and expectation of what was to follow. The children loitered about the doorways with watering eyes and open mouths, like so many innocent little dragons lying in wait to rush in at an opportune moment and bear off their prey.

And now, all at once, there comes a deeper hush—a still more portentous pause—all eyes are in the direction of the kitchen; the children are hanging forward, with their bodies and outstretched necks half way in at the door; Miriam and the widow stand breathless and statue-like at either side of the room; when, as if rising out of some mysterious cave in the very ground, a dark figure is discerned in the distance, about the centre of the kitchen (into which Mopsey has made, to secure an impressive effect, a grand circuit), head erect, and bearing before it a huge platter. All their eyes tell them, every sense vividly reports, what it is the platter supports; she advances with slow and solemn step; she has crossed the sill; she has entered the sitting-room; and, with a full

sense of her awful responsibility, Mopsey delivers on the table, in a cleared place for its careful deposit, the turkey.

There is no need now to sound a gong, or to ring an alarm-bell to make known to that household that dinner is ready; the brown turkey speaks a summons as with the voice of a thousand living goddies, and Sylvester rising, the whole Peabody family flock in. To every one his place is considerably assigned, the Captain in the centre directly opposite the turkey, Mrs. Carrack on the other side, the widow at one end, old Sylvester at the head. The children too, a special exception being made in their favor to-day, are allowed seats with the grown folks, little Sam dispensing himself in great comfort in his old grandfather's arms.

Another hush—for everything to-day moves on through these constantly shut and opened gates of silence—in which they all sit tranquil and speechless, when the old patriarch lifts up his aged hands over the board and repeats his customary grace:

"May we all be Christian people the day we die—God bless us."

The Captain, the great knife and fork in hand, was ready to advance.

"Stop a moment, Charley," old Sylvester spoke up, "give us a moment to contemplate the turkey."

"I would there were just such a dish, grandfather," the Captain rejoined, "on every table in the land this day; and if I had my way there would be."

"No, no, Charley," the grandfather answered, "if there should be, there would be. There is One who is wiser than you or I."

"It would make the man who would do it," Oliver suggested, "immensely popular; he might get to be elected President of the United States."

"It would cost a large sum," remarked William Peabody, the merchant.

"Let us leave off considering imaginary turkeys, and discuss the one before us," said old Sylvester; "but I must first put a question, and if it's answered with satisfaction, we'll proceed. Now tell me," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Carrack, who sat in a sort of dream, as if he had lost his identity, as he had ever since the night adventure in the fez cap and red silk cloak—"Now tell me, Tiffany, although you have doubtless seen a great many grand things, such as the Alps, and St. Peter's Church at Rome, has your eye fallen in with anything, wherever you travelled over the world, grander than that turkey?"

Mr. Carrack, either from excessive modesty or total abstraction, hesitated, looked about him hastily, and not till the Captain called across the table, "Why don't you speak, my boy?" and then, as if suddenly coming to, and realizing where he was, answered at last, with great deliberation, "It is a fine bird."

"Enough said," spoke up old Sylvester cheerfully; "you were the last Peabody I expected to acknowledge the merits of a turkey;" and, looking toward the Captain with encouragement, added, "now, knife and fork, do your duty."

It was short work the jovial Captain made with the prize turkey; in rapid succession plates were forwarded, heaped, sent around; and with a keen relish of the thanksgiving dinner, every hand was busy. Straight on, as people who have an allotted task before them, the Peabodys moved through the dinner—a powerful, steady-going caravan of cheerful travellers, over hill, over dale, up the valleys, along the stream-side, cropping their way like a nimble-toothed flock of grazing sheep, keenly enjoying herbage and beverage by the way.

What though, while they were at the height of its enjoyment, a sudden storm, at that changeable season, arose without, and dashed its heavy drops against the doors and window-panes; that only, by the contrast of security and fireside comfort, heightened the zest within, while they were engaged with the many good dishes at least, but when another pause came, did not the pelting showers and the chiding wind talk with them, each one in turn, of the absent, and oh! some there will not believe it—the lost? It was no doubt some thought of this kind that prompted old Sylvester to speak.

"My children," said the patriarch, glancing with a calm eye around the circle of glowing faces at the table, "you are bound together with good cheer and in comfortable circumstances; and even as you, who are here from East and West, from the North and South, by each one yielding a little of his individual whim or inclination, can thus sit together prosperously and in peace at one board, so can our glorious family of friendly States, on this and every other day, join hands, and like happy children in the fields, lead a far-lengthening dance of festive peace among the mountains and among the vales, from the soft-glittering East far on to the bright and ruddy West. If others still seek to join in—"

"Ay, father," said Oliver, "there is great danger."

"Even as by making a little way," answered the patriarch, "we could find room at this table for one, or two, or three more, so may another State and still another join us: if it will; and even as our natural progeny increaseth to the third, fourth, tenth generation, let us trust for centuries to come this happy Union shall live to lead her sons to peace, prosperity, and rightful glory."

"But," interposed Oliver, the politician, again, with a double reference in his thoughts, it would almost seem, to an erring State or an absent child, "one may break away in wilfulness or crime—what then?"

"Let us lure it back," was old Sylvester's reply, "with gentle appeals. Remember we are brethren, and that our alliance is not one merely of worldly interest, but also of family affection. Let us, on this hallowed day," he added, "cherish none but kindly thoughts toward all our kindred, and if him we have least esteemed offer the hand, let us take it in brotherly regard."

There was a pause of silence once again, which was broken by a knock at the door. Old Sylvester, having spoken his mind, had fallen into a reverie, and the Peabodys glancing one to the other, the question arose, shall the strangers (Mopsey reported them to be two), whoever they may be, be admitted?

"This is strictly a family festival," it was suggested, "where no strangers can be rightly allowed."

"May be thieves!" the merchant added.

"Vagabonds, perhaps!" Mrs. Carrack suggested.

"Strangers, anyhow!" said Mrs. Jane Peabody.

The widow Margaret and Miriam were silent, and gave utterance to no opinion.

In the midst of the discussion, old Sylvester suddenly awakening, and rearing his white locks aloft, in the voice of a trumpet of silver

sounded cried out—"If they be human, let 'em in!"

As he delivered this emphatic order there was a deep hush at the door, as if one in great pain, or suffering keenly from anguish of spirit, and when it was opened to admit the newcomers, the voice of Charlesteer, raised for the second time, broke in, clear and shrilly, from the outer darkness.

Content.

BY KATHERINE GRAY.

The sunlight flooded the heavens with golden shafts of light;
The mockingbird chirped to its faithful mate to follow it in flight.
Then, resting on the topmost branch of the locust,
Of melody as golden as the sunshine, led its throat.

The little wren in the hollow caught the spirit of love
And sang;
The same glad song—in humble notes—to its patient mate among
The mosses and the grasses upon the dune-brown earth,
Where she had found their doomy nest. It filled their hearts with mirth;

For they carried not the slayer whose glorious melody
Held spell-bound all the earth and air with perfect harmony.
But they chirped their simple happiness, their perfect truth and love,
Nor sought to sing on painful wings their humble sphere above.

Love's messenger, gathering jewels, took the patient song of the wren
And wrote it out as a promise to be sung to the mass of men.

Only an Actor.

BY WILLIAM F. GILCHRIST.

"You cannot go."

The voice was harsh, and the speaker frowned at the fair-haired girl who stood before him. Deacon Terry was a stern man; his word was law. In all that quiet Massachusetts village no one dared contradict him.

"But the poor man is dying," pleaded Abbie. "Death comes to all. The man is one of those children of Satan, a play-actor. You shall not go."

"To-morrow, father, is Christmas Day. They say this poor man needs care and attention. Let us try to imitate the example of Him who came to earth on that day."

"Oh, well, if you want to make a fool of yourself, go ahead." And the Deacon mumbled over some extract from the Bible about charity, while in his heart he cursed all actors. He was a stern New Englander, of Puritan stock, who regarded the theatre as the hot-house of perdition and actors as children of the fiend.

Harry Shaw, in the little attic room of the only hotel in the village, lay with his pale face turned toward the window. A week previous, owing to illness, he had been compelled to remain when the company with which he was performing had gone away. He suffered from consumption, and the end was near.

"To-morrow will be Christmas," he murmured, "the time of joy and gladness. What matters it to me? There is no one to care for or give a thought to a poor dying actor."

As if to give his bitter words rebuke, there suddenly appeared at his bedside a fair-haired girl of twelve, gazing on him with pitying eyes.

"Do not say that," said the vision—for Harry thought he must be dreaming. "I care for you. See, I have brought you lots of nice things," and dainty Abbie Terry uncovered the little basket she carried and disclosed a tempting array of the good things of life.

"Who are you, child? Where have I ever seen you before?" asked the actor.

"I am little Abbie," she replied. "You have never seen me before."

"What are you doing here?"

"They told me you were dying and I came to comfort you," replied Abbie, as she smoothed back the matted locks from his brow, on which already the death-dew was gathering. "Go to sleep; I will watch by you."

An hour later Shaw was sleeping gently, the fair-haired child watching tenderly beside him. Then the door opened and came in another pious man who held the stage in detestation.

"He won't live till morning," said the doctor; and then beneath his breath: "It doesn't matter much—he is only an actor."

"Can nothing be done?" asked Abbie. The doctor assured her there was no hope. She told him to send her father to her, as she meant to stay till the end came. So the doctor departed.

Soon Deacon Terry came in with a frown on his face. He would have scolded loudly, but a warning look from the child caused him to refrain. He told her he would wait below, and slunk away abashed. Just as the stars came out Harry awoke.

"I am dying," he murmured. "Little girl, are you not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Of seeing a man die."

"Oh, no. Why should I be?"

Another hour passed. The dying man tossed restlessly, and delirium began to mount to his brain.

"Hark!" he suddenly exclaimed. "There goes the orchestra; I must dress for my part. Was that the call-boy? A few moments of rest and then he said: 'Why don't they ring up the curtain?' Later he became conscious for a few moments, when Abbie asked:

"Have you a mother?"

The question recalled the past, and the poor actor's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," he replied; "far across the sea, in England," she waits the coming of her boy. Will you write to her when I am gone? Tell her that even in my dying moments I remembered her." He sank back exhausted, and the fair-haired girl gave him a cooling drink.

"Thanks," he said. "Do you know that I am an actor?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I do not care. Father says that actors are children of the devil, but I do not think so. Christ came to die for all, if they repent. Won't you pray?"

The dying man could not reply, the question came so suddenly.

"Perhaps," said the child, clasping her hand in his, "you remember the prayer your mother taught you."

He nodded faintly. Kneeling by his side, the girl began to repeat the simple prayer of childhood. "Our Father who art in Heaven," and the voices of actor and child mingled together in the supplication. At its close a smile of happiness stole over the actor's face; his eyes gently closed, and he sank into a slumber. Thus for hours he slept on, watched by the girl. It was nearly midnight before the dying man stirred again. Then he muttered:

"The play is almost over."

As the hands of the clock pointed to midnight he opened his eyes, smiled faintly at his guardian angel, sighed softly, and life's drama was over. Just then the bells of Christmas rang out cheerily, loud and clear.

How Rob MacGregor Invented His Easy Chair.

BY ALFRED THOMPSON.

The fact is, she couldn't bear of marrying him until he had made himself famous. So, after much thought-hatching brain incubation, he hit his great inventive power against a chair.

"Eureka," he cried, much as Galileo did when he discovered the circulation of the blood in steam-engines, "a perfect chair for theatres and concert rooms will carry my name up to Eliza Jane and down to posterity!"

So he went to his room and dreamt of chairs, wrote of chairs, drew chairs and broke them to pieces, much to the delight of a fond mother and the disgust of an economical step-father. "Charming," said mamma. "Charity begins at home," said step-pa. At last his fertile brain devised a new patent automatic Eureka chair, which for



beauty, simplicity, and solidity, surpassed every lounge, easy, sofa, ottoman or stall dreamt of by seekers of their ease up to the present date. Combined with the above qualities were richness of material, economy of expense, and comfort—but particularly comfort.



As a weighing machine for the heavy, or



a propeller for the light, it was inestimable.



It will arrest a mother-in-law—



annoy an enemy—



or annihilate a rival.



It is bewildering to the novice—



a boon to the scientist—



and a bonanza to the inventor.

The Eureka Chair was not only quite-quiet and too-too, but it was Shook and Collared at once, and Rob MacGregor was a proud man. Alas! Eliza Jane was not aesthetic. She couldn't see the hidden beauties, the modest



virtues of this chair of chairs. "No," said her chilling letter. "Had you invented a sofa there might have been room for two, but between two chairs you will find yourself still a bachelor." Rob MacGregor is steeled against satire, but he will never get over his chairs.

Stetson's Confusion.

On Gus Pitou's arrival from Chicago, a Mirror reporter hunted him up to learn how Stetson's enterprises were getting on. "Last week, in Chicago," said he, "we produced The Glass of Fashion for the first time in America, and it is a success. I saw it the first night it was produced in London, and I closed for it, as I thought it would do well here. I think it will have a long run. Confusion is doing very well on the road. It is a mirth-provoking piece. The Duke's Motto and Monte Cristo keep their places as drawing cards. We are in doubt as to the exact programme for the Fifth Avenue. It will be regulated chiefly by the run of The Glass of Fashion and Confusion. In the latter we will adopt the English custom of ushering in the comedy with a short opera."

Kiralfys' New Spectacle.

Handing a Mirror reporter a cablegram yesterday, Bolossy Kiralfy said, "Read that." It ran: "Lieba, America, yours, E. Geison." "We lose no time in securing a good thing." "What are the features of the piece?" "It is a fairy spectacular play. As in Excelsior, it is all in pantomime—no dialogue. It is the work of Signor Manzotti, and the music has been furnished by Signori Verzanzi and Marrenco, consisting of a prologue, three acts and twelve tableaux. We do not intend presenting it until we can do so in our own theatre on Fourth avenue, which will be ready in September. There are only three theatres in Paris which have the proper stage light for large spectacles. They are the Chatelet, the Porte St. Martin and the Grand Opera House. Our theatre will be built solely for spectacle. We intend, after Lieba, to revive Excelsior upon a grander scale than at Niblo's." "You still hang to the Crook?" "Rather. It is bringing in more money this season than last. It is an evergreen."

At the Theatres.

King Lear, for some reason, is not popular with the majority of our playgoers. Mr. Booth's appearance in the tragedy Wednesday night of last week for this reason was not attended so numerously as his previous performances. Lear, despite its unpopularity, is one of our tragedian's finest impersonations. It is replete with graphic power, touching pathos and dramatic picturesqueness. The audience rewarded his efforts with frequent applause. The company, generally speaking, gave wretched support. Mr. Pympton's Edgar was an intelligent piece of acting. Mr. Hock's Edmund was bad. John A. Lane was out of place as the lusty Kent, a part much better acted, the last time Booth was here, by David Anderson. Owen Fawcett's Fool was a truly excellent effort. Alice Weaver was the Cordelia. She acted the part with grace and tenderness. Kate Meek was terrible as Goneril and North Bartlett did Regan acceptably. The rest of the cast are unworthy of notice, for they were all unsatisfactory. Lear was repeated Thursday and Friday and Richieu drew an immense audience to the matinee.

As years pass, Edwin Booth's Hamlet becomes more and more mellow. Physically, he is not so attractive as he used to be in the part, since he is no longer the handsome, fiery, untamed youth whose melancholy Dane was the glory of the old Winter Garden, but a man arrived at middle-age. Intellectually, however, the impersonation has expanded, as the people realized at the Star Monday evening. Marked improvement was noted in the reading of the sublime soliloquies and in the scenes with the Ghost, Ophelia and the Queen. Unquestionably Booth's is the ideal Hamlet, and while he continues to play it there is no fear that the laurel will be scratched from his brow by any rival. The play was only so-so. Mr. Pympton as pretty Laertes, and he acted with considerable spirit. Owen Fawcett was an excellent Grave-Digger, and Miss Weaver played Ophelia sweetly and simply. The Fool's Revenge was acted Wednesday night. Mr. Booth appearing as Hecubio. Othello will be given next week, Sheridan alternating with the star.

The special engagement of W. E. Sheridan for Saturday nights during the Booth engagement at the Star (Mr. Booth cannot stand the strain of seven performances) began last week. He appeared as Sir Giles Overreach in Philip Massinger's five-act drama, A New Way to Pay Old Debts. The house was by no means filled, but there was a sufficient number present to endorse Mr. Sheridan as an actor of powerful talent. This occasion was practically his first appearance in New York, although he has enjoyed renown in Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities for several years as a star of magnitude.

Massinger's play is dull for the most part. It contains a good deal of comedy of an antediluvian stripe which is very wearisome. The character of Sir Giles is forcibly drawn, but there is so little of him in the earlier acts and his serious scenes are so strangely and incongruously blended with the comic element that the impersonator has to labor under serious disadvantages. But in the last act, where the cruel plotter's plans completely miscarry and the shock overwhelms him, there is a grand opportunity for fine acting that does much to strengthen the part and efface its previous deficiencies. Several actors have added to their fame by the rôle, the late E. L. Davenport having won especial distinction in it.

Mr. Sheridan played with great earnestness and intensity. The characterization was vigorous in execution and directed by superior intelligence. Although the lines are chiefly of a declamatory order, he made them natural. In the great scene of the last act Mr. Sheridan's impassioned delivery and highly dramatic action enthralled the audience and his remarkable death-scene thrilled them. When the curtain had fallen they called him out and broke into hearty cheers. During the evening he was summoned before the curtain several times. Taking into consideration the slowness of the house and the apathy of the people at first, their final enthusiastic approval must be construed as a genuine triumph. Mr. Sheridan is by no means free from faults. His delivery is too hasty at times and his pronunciation is marked by a number of peculiarities. His manner is nervous and is lacking in repose. These blemishes, however, can all be eliminated.

The support given by Booth's company was not creditable, as a whole. Favorable exceptions were Messrs. Lane and Fawcett and Miss Meek. Mr. Lane's Garrard was excellent. Mr. Fawcett's Justice Greedy was productive of considerable amusement. Miss Meek played Lady Allworth with dignity. The scenery was picked from the store-room, but, aside from some architectural anachronisms, it served very well. Next Saturday night Mr. Sheridan will appear as Louis XI., and we should not be surprised if he excelled Irving's performance. The cast, of course, will be inferior to that afforded by the Lyceum company, but the dresses and scenery will be brought over from Philadelphia, where they have been since the notable production in which Mr. Sheridan participated a few years ago.

Madame Janaschek appeared as Zillah at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night. The house was fairly well filled and the audience received the star very warmly, according her great applause, which she twice acknowledged before the curtain. The realism with which she expressed her intense grief at the loss of her child in the prologue greatly impressed the audience, as did the contrasted joy upon the recovery of it prior to her death. The piece is rather a mournful one, with no comedy relief from the prevailing sadness, but the star riveted the attention of her hearers. The support on the whole was good compared with the superexcellence of the star. Virginia Brooks as Franceski was perhaps the most artistic, while as Claudio, the Count, Alexander Stuart deserved praise. George D. Chaplin, in the dual part of Reuben and Bravadura, was good, and the remaining members of the cast were equal to the demands made upon them. The scenery and dresses were appropriate.

We are being treated to a double distillation of negro "essence," under the auspices of Haverly. On Monday the Mastodons put in an appearance at the People's Theatre and gave The Princess of Madagascar and other entertaining features. At the San Francisco Hall a bill of much the same style is presented, several of the acts, indeed, being identical. The logic of dividing a show into sections and

presenting it at two theatres in the same city is a little past our comprehension. While the party at the People's is doing well the business of the up-town contingent has suffered a decrease. Next week the latter will give a study of Wall Street life in black. The People's will be occupied by Sanger's Hunch of Keys—a regular Merry Christmas attraction.

Tony Pastor is always up with the times. He is one of the best holiday celebrants in the theatrical business. At the matinees on Tuesdays and Fridays he is giving dolls away to the women and children. But better than this, he regales his patrons with the best procurable specialty performers. Bonnie Russell, the Harps and Le Clair and Russell are the more prominent people in the olio department, and the beaming Pastor himself sheds an effulgent glamour over the whole show. A new burlesque called The Pavements of New York was performed for the first time Monday night. It enabled Messrs. Kruger, Girard, Russell and several others to provide a good deal of laughter.

Duty was withdrawn from the stage of the Madison Square and The Rajah again put upon Monday. The management, pluckily appreciating the old adage about spilt milk, make no complaint about the frigid reception accorded Mr. De Mille's unfortunate specimen of the dire effects of dramatic emasculation, but shoulder the very considerable loss they were put to with commendable good nature. A vast amount of money was spent on the scenery, and its beauty, together with the careful acting, would have drawn well for a month or more. But the men who shape the destiny of the Madison Square were not satisfied with the prospect. They want pieces that will go for half a year at least in the metropolis, and afterward reap an abundant harvest out-of-town. Such an outlook Duty did not hold forth. There is plenty of vitality left in The Rajah; its superb scenic features and the charming acting of the old cast will attract until one of the several good plays on hand is selected, rehearsed and ready for production. This will probably be the latter part of the ensuing month.

The draught of W. J. Scanlan has been severely tested by his frequent engagements in this city since the beginning of the season, but the popular young comedian has withstood the test. Monday evening an excellent audience gathered at the Grand Opera House to see him in Friend and Foe, Bartley Campbell's stirring Irish play. Carroll Moore, with his songs and winning ways, captivated the house as usual, and the assemblage dispersed after the performance thoroughly pleased with the evening's recreation. Of Mr. Scanlan's company we have spoken once or twice in detail. The holiday show at this theatre is to be the perennial, but ever welcome Hazel Kirke.

Fanny Davenport's concluding appearances as Fedora at the Fourteenth Street are attended by crowds of play-goers, who are taking advantage of the last opportunities of witnessing the marvellous impersonation of the star. When the curtain falls on Saturday night the play will have been represented eighty-six consecutive times. Had arrangements permitted there is no doubt this run could have been doubled. With the flush of genuine triumph on her brow, Miss Davenport goes to the provincial cities, where her great acting will be without doubt accompanied by a continuation of the exceptional encomiums it has compelled here. Rice's travesty, Pop, will follow Fedora next week. Although better comicallies have been perpetrated on the public, this one, on account of its peculiarly vivacious character, will form a tempting holiday amusement.

The Princess Chuck, a bad play fairly acted, still holds the stage at the New Park. It will be the last attraction played there by the genial Colonel Morris and his active partner, Mr. Knowles, as the Phoenix managers, Messrs. Stevens and Murtha, are to take control Monday next, when the former's drama, Passion's Slave, will be presented. It is an appropriate bill to inaugurate the Windsor regime.

Cordelia's Aspirations, at the Comique, is an unqualified success, which is nothing more than it deserves to be. The capital songs, the admirable acting and the unceasing fun prove thoroughly delightful to the large audiences that are invariably found within the walls of the beautiful theatre.

Bartley Campbell's comedy for the Union Square will probably be produced the third week in January. It has been christened Daisy Blair—the name of the heroine. Mr. Marston has been given the scene-plots, and his brush is already busy on the three sets which are used in the five acts. Messrs. Rankin, Stodart and Parselle, and Messrs. Harrison, Carey and Ellsler and Mrs. Phillips will have extremely good parts, designed to fit them as well as though made to order. Meanwhile Storm-Heaten is doing very nicely. The business is larger than many supposed it would be, and the acting seems to give especial pleasure to the spectators. Maude Harrison's touching pathos as Kate is a source of much favorable comment, particularly among the people who did not believe her capable of good work in serious character. The Mackaye chairs are giving satisfaction.

All theatres will give matinees on Christmas and New Year's days. This is pleasant for the public, profitable for the managers—and hard for the actors, who receive no extra pay for the extra performance.

The Musical Mirror.

There was a good house at the Metropolitan concert Sunday. The programme was principally composed of scored pieces, and it seemed to gratify those in attendance.

La Sonnambula was repeated upon a large audience Monday. Sembrich repeated her previous success. The Metropolitan was closed for a rehearsal of La Giacomina Wednesday evening, and that opera is to be produced Thursday. Friday Traviata is to be done, and La Giacomina will be given at the matinee Saturday.

The pretty music, brilliant mounting and excellent cast of The Beggar Student continue attracting large houses at the Casino. General Qlendorf, as played by Fred Leslie, is an ex-

ceedingly humorous creation; Madame Sembrich is very *pianissimo* in her part, and William Carlsson's fine singing in the title rôle evokes much applause nightly. There are no more free-lugs at this house. The only species on the crotchet lugs, which may be seen with the naked eye (if it's sharp enough) in the fountain that plays during the last act.

The feature of the concert at the Casino Sunday evening was the playing of Edward Remenyi. The orchestral selections were particularly good, and the reputation of the virtuoso to 'Saint-Saens' Henry VIII. met with favor.

Professional Doings.



—This is a good likeness of Herbert Ayling, juvenile man with Robson and Crane. Mr. Ayling has met with much success for his humorous acting as the top in Our Boarding House. He is a capital light comedian and a man of very agreeable social accomplishments.

—Alfred Beverly has left the J. B. Stedley company.

—J. C. Scanlan accompanied Joseph Brooks to England.

—The Rajah is now billed as a four-act farcical comedy.

—Bolony Kiality is recovering. He is able now to sit up in his office.

—Albert Evans has finally deserted the Twenty-third Street Theatre.

—Effe Ellsler has been definitely engaged for the entire season by Shook and Collier.

—Edward Temple is one of those who are at liberty in consequence of the Standard fire.

—The receipts of The Silver King at the People's Theatre last week were over \$6,000.

—Jan. 6, a Sunday night, is open for a first-class attraction at Heuck's New Opera House, Cincinnati.

—Amy Lee has been seriously ill for the past few days. The physician thinks she will be about again in a week.

—Wesley Simon, of the Madison Square Theatre, left for Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, on M. S. business bent.

—Edward Behman, the treasurer of the New Park Theatre, will return to Brooklyn when John A. Stevens takes possession.

—Pittsburg is afflicted with the lithograph ticket nuisance—that is, their sale at low prices, thus interfering with legitimate business.

—Charles Barras, son of the author of The Black Crook, is in the city with a destitute family. He is by profession a scenic artist.

—Natalie Desires, an opera house singer, is playing at a well-known music-hall. She has received an offer to appear in English comic opera.

The conservatory scene used last week in Duty at the Madison Square Theatre has been stored away until next Summer, when it will again be utilized.

—Edward Kendall will remain in town until he fulfils his engagement with Kate Claxton. He will probably be engaged by her for the rest of the season.

—M. R. Leavitt still retains his hold on the Hush Street Theatre, San Francisco. He will receive bookings at his office, 149 West Thirtieth street, this city.

—Good business is attending the legitimate everywhere this season. In the smaller towns Richard Foote, William Stafford and Fred. Warde are filling the houses.

—Louise Davenport, who is leading lady with W. E. Sheridan, was with him on the Australian tour, where she received great praise from the Colonial press.

—J. R. Shattuck arrived in town from San Francisco, on Tuesday, to take the position of treasurer of the New Hijou, vice J. F. Donnelly, who has been made business manager.

—Frank Wade, business agent of Mestayer's Tourists No. 1, arrived in town on Monday to arrange for the forthcoming appearance of his company in the city during Christmas week.

—Leonida Ortori, premier danseuse, and Laura Rose, secundo, have been sent to San Francisco to appear in The Seven Dwarfs, the holiday spectacle at the Grand Opera House in that city.

—The entrance to the Star Theatre is infested all day by an ill-behaved band of speculators. They follow patrons as near to the box-office as possible, and at times add insulting remarks to their persistency. Many complaints are made.

—Edward Witting, business manager for William Stafford, was suspected of being one of Pinkerton's detectives at work in the Silsby murder case, while he was in Marshall, Mich., recently. He says that by this experience he has accumulated sufficient material to build two modern melodramas.

—Edna Carey has signed with John A. Stevens to play the leading part in Passion's Slave after the piece finishes its run at the New Park and is sent on the road. It is a singular coincidence in the association of names and sets that Eleanor Carey will act the rôle in this city before the other Miss Carey assumes it.

—C. A. Davis, agent of The Rajah; H. A. Rockwood, manager of the Esmeralda; George L. Smith, agent of Young Mrs. Windsor; W. W. Randall, agent, and Henry Gross, assistant agent of Hazel Kirke, are among the Madison Square Theatre traveling company's business department in town this week. They will all spend Christmas in New York.

The Usher.



Meet him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—Love's Latest's Love.

Judge Barrett is a modest man. The fact is worthy of note because that sort of mortal nowadays is a *rara avis*. Tuesday night, after the third act of his play at Wallack's, the audience called for the author in the usual manner. The judicial gentleman sent John Gilbert before the curtain as a proxy, and the old actor gracefully expressed the thanks of "Mr. Justice Barrett," as he styled him, with a total disregard of legal nomenclature in this country. But the audience wouldn't accept the substitute; one demonstrative auditor requesting Mr. Gilbert to tell why the author did not reply to the call in person—a question which the veteran left his Honor to answer, which he did, with a suave bow and his hand on the left lapel of his coat, from a private box.

For a first attempt at playwriting, *An American Wife* is remarkably clever. Indeed, it will compare favorably with many successful works from the pens of established writers for the stage. The objection that it tediously deals with the technical aspect of our divorce laws is reduced to insignificance when we reflect that estranged spouses seeking reliable light on the subject can, for the small price of an orchestra chair, obtain trustworthy advice and instruction, thereby saving lawyers' fees and witnessing the practical effects of legal separations. It is true the members of the bar are likely to resent this as tending to reduce their fat emoluments arising from such cases, but the enlightenment of the really interested parties more than offsets the effect in that direction. It's all *pro bono publico*, you know.

The matinee next Thursday for the benefit of the professionals who suffered loss by the Standard fire should be liberally patronized, for the object is most deserving. Manager Wallack has given the use of his theatre, and the expenses will be confined to the minimum point, so that the receipts, whatever they may be, will be nearly all divided among the beneficiaries. I hope the public will embrace this means of making Christmas merry for the unfortunate artists and choristers.

Among those on whom the loss falls heaviest is Amy Gordon, prima donna of the party. This lady tells me that her entire wardrobe for twelve operas—which has taken her a number of years to collect—was destroyed. Opera people will understand that this misfortune is a serious one. Over and above this, she avers that Edward Rice had not paid her salary for several weeks previous to the accident which terminated her engagement, and that he has since positively refused to make good the arrears. Mr. Rice has, of course, shared the ill-luck of his company to a certain extent; but he is making money with his party at the Bijou, and it is no more than decent, under the peculiarly distressing circumstances in which Miss Gordon is, that he should liquidate her just claim for services performed in his behalf.

Doubts as to Stetson's capability in the casting and mounting of new plays have frequently been expressed by our theatrical wise-ones, but the manner in which the new comedy was done at the Fifth Avenue, Monday, should effectually dissipate them. After such an excellent demonstration of skill and taste in the managerial line, I can honestly hope that Bluff John will persevere. So long as he leaves current melodramas severely alone and meets his rivals squarely with novelty for novelty, there is no earthly reason why he should not achieve honor and—what's quite as desirable—fortune in the metropolis.

The boxes at Wallack's Tuesday evening literally represented the elements interested in the production. Mrs. Wallack occupied one; Judge Barrett, his wife and a party had another; and Mr. and Mrs. Flynn (née Florence Moss) sat in a third. The legal fraternity were, of course, present in full force. Grey heads, spectacles and solemn faces attested the interest felt in the distinguished jurist's venture by his learned brethren of the bench and bar. I do not exaggerate when I say that no case ever enlisted more critical opinion from an able body of men, and no verdict was ever more heartily acclamative. To be acquitted of fault was a victory, but to be sent from the place of judgment with blushing honors thick upon him was a triumph of which even the venerate Barrett may well be proud.

There is a war raging in London between Lotta and Minnie Palmer. It is to say, it's a war all on one side. The agent of the last-named actress has been trying to belittle Lotta previous to her appearance; and, as the status of the two actresses in this country is not widely known on the other side, he has been foisted a few newspaper men with his nonsense. The public will speedily find out the truth for themselves when they have seen and admired our "dramatic cocktail," as poor Brougham loved to call her; their penetration may be relied on to determine whether that shrewd little mimic, the Palmer, has modeled her acting on Lotta's or not. Her agent could engage in better business than shabbily endeavoring to stultify the talents of an actress whose position was established by hard work

and with legitimate accessories years before he was ever heard of.

The editor of my esteemed contemporary, *Progress*, who has become a stalwart Irvingite, explains, for the benefit of the people who are not disposed to admit his supremacy as an actor, that "he is not seen here at his best. He can only be seen as London knows him on the stage of his own theatre, the Lyceum, surrounded by the appointments for which that house is famous, and assisted by the superlatives he has trained to such perfection. We look here, and Irving must win the superb scenic effects of the Lyceum." Certainly proper appointments, supernumeraries and scenic effects are essential to the proper representation of plays, but what have these to do with an actor's personal claims to greatness? In the case of the Shakespearean drama we go to see the leading actor, not the play. It is pleasant to have the subordinate characters competently acted and to find the accessories complete and artistic, but we do not care to have the principal rôle subordinated and the minor matters thrust into inartistic prominence merely to cover up the defects and deficiencies of the player who should be the leading figure. That is why Irving's impersonations are neither symmetrical nor satisfying. His tricks of stage-management and cunning scenic devices may trap the unwary, but they do not exhibit his histrionic capacity or please the thoughtful and judicious observer.

It has been stated that Frank Curtis relinquishes his interest in the Third Avenue Theatre when Mr. and Mrs. Rankin retire from the management. Mr. Curtis says this is untrue; that he continues to have a finger in the pie. Surely Mr. Curtis ought to know more about it than the paragraphers.

By the bye, the Rankins go out well repaid for their labors. Kate Claxton assumes all liabilities, the original cost of the property, and pays the handsome bonus of \$14,000. Mr. Rankin has been clearing a good profit from the house, but the arrangement with Miss Claxton relieves him of some heavy obligations and amply rewards him for his trouble. He can now devote all his energies to his work at the Union Square. In the Third Avenue the new purchaser acquires a valuable theatrical property.

The latest English professional beauty unfolded her charms to the St. Louisians last week. The critics pronounce Mrs. Maddick an unquestionably pretty woman, her great charm being her brilliant complexion and the sweet and ingenuous expression of her countenance. One writer says that "her mouth has just enough fullness to remind one that kissing is a very delightful pastime." He prefers her face to the Lily's, but thinks her figure is decidedly inferior, lacking "the swan-like slope of neck and shoulders." Swan-like slope of shoulders is decidedly good. Of her acting in *The Shaughraun* the journals say very little, except that she didn't know her lines. On the same occasion the debuts of Miss Boucicault and Bret Harte's son were made. In both cases the verdict was favorable.

Pen and Pencil.



There is a flutter of delight among the little ones when the clown and harlequin, in the holiday pantomime, quite unexpectedly shoot through unsuspected traps and bound down to the footlights. Perhaps the big little folks who read this *CHRISTMAS MIRROR* will experience something of the same sensation on noting the reappearance (for one week only) of their old friends, PEN and PENCIL. We make our bow with proper modesty, acknowledge the enthusiastic applause that greets our *entrées*, and proceed at once, with Stylograph and Faber, to the not unpleasant task of "doing" the three new pieces which are the outcome of the pre-ent week. Let us take them in their order.

Sydney Grundy, I suppose, is responsible for the most of *The Glass of Fashion*, brought forward by Manager Stetson at the Fifth Avenue on Monday. George R. Sims' name is tacked on, too; but, as he is chiefly a dramatic writer and Grundy's forte is comedy, and as the piece is merely spiced with seriousness, my supposition is very probably correct. Grundy has written four plays and any number of farces and comedettes. Mamma and The Snowball were the most successful. The latter has been played at Wallack's several times. Mamma is unknown on this side of the water.

The first two acts of *The Glass of Fashion* are as dull as ditchwater. The last two are bright, pithy and lively in action. This accounts for the divided opinion of the papers Tuesday morning. Those critics who shirked their duty and left after the second curtain pronounced the comedy to be bad; while those that remained expressed emphatic approval. Doesn't this prove again how much, or rather how little, daily newspaper criticism is worth? Of course, the opinions of both those who went away and those who remained to the end agreed perfectly with the respective standpoints of the two contingents.

But there was a thundering sight of difference between the standpoints.

Careful Miskok readers know the story of *The Glass of Fashion*, as it was told to them a week back. A *parvenue* named Mardam, who has married a countess, buys a society paper, from which the piece gets its name, thinking thereby to push herself into society. The effect is boomerangish. The editor of the sheet blackguards and blackmails Mardam's friends, and the latter finds any number of lawsuits and personal enemies on his hands.

The despair and desperation of the vulgar brewer and the sacrifices he is obliged to make to square things with the titled parties forms the principal comedy element. There is a serious story besides, in which a fond husband, an indiscreet wife and an intriguing artist and adventurer are mixed up. But this is fortunately a subordinate feature, the *parvenue* really having the cream of the piece.

The climaxes to the first two acts are weak. The third act is skillfully planned and admirably written. Its weak spot is the unnecessary sacrifice of Miss O'Reilly, a young lady who changes places with her sister in the artist's bed-room instead of taking the opportunity to escape with her from a dangerous situation. When the final discovery comes the matter is allowed to drop into insignificance, and an episode which is dragged into the story by main force goes for nothing.



The character of Macadam is capably drawn, and delightfully played by that most versatile of actors, Frank Mordaunt. The coarseness of the brewer is nicely modulated and his actions confined within the limits of legitimate stage-work. A less capable actor than Mordaunt would have trespassed on burlesque and buffoonery. His cockneyisms and *gaucheries* were perfectly natural. A funnier piece of acting than the scene with the society editor in the second act I have not seen in a long time. There was broad and unctuous humor in every accent, gesture and facial expression. Mordaunt made the bit of the evening, notwithstanding that the satire of the characterization failed to penetrate the thick noddles of the many in the audience who happened to be completely ignorant of the peculiar type of Englishman it illustrates.

It was not Mr. McDonald's fault that his part, Jenkyn, the Society Journalist, was absurd from beginning to end. Anybody who expected to see a faithful copy of the irrepressible gatherer of drawing-room gossip was doomed to disappointment. It was the old, conventional stage reporter, conventionally portrayed.

There is a depth of villainy in Lewis Morrison's villain that several years of careful study on my part has failed to sound. As the artist-adventurer, Borowski, his sinuosity and eyebrow play fairly froze the spectators' blood. His tread was as soft and wicked as a panther's, and his smile—well, words would fail to do justice to that diabolical display of glistening ivory. It passeth understanding why the people of the play allowed such a venomous beast to stealthily prowling around their drawing-rooms in patent-leather pumps. Morrison has got the penny-dreadful villain down to the finest possible point, and I wish him success in his earnest efforts to illustrate vice.

Herbert Kelcey looked as pretty as a fashion-plate and acted Colonel Trevanion after the most approved regulations of the modern "repressed" school of actors. He was so gentlemanly and dignified that I found myself (contrary to all precedent) sympathizing with the husband-whose-wife-is-indiscreet.

Sara, the sentimental, Sara; the gallery-gazer; in fact, Sara the one and only, yclept Jewett, was as sweet, and pretty, and dainty, and lollipop as of yore. She is stouter, it is true, but we should be grateful for the increase. We can't get too much of a good thing; and the more Jewett the better, say I. She played Mrs. Trevanion nicely. If anybody else had essayed the character, I should remark that it was a colorless, drooping performance; but, under the circumstances, such ungentle comments must be suppressed.

The sister of Ada Monk, who has made a hit as the Countess in *Fedora*, acted Lady Coombe—also a countess—respectably. We forgive Minnie her deficiencies on account of her talented relative.

Stella Boniface, as Peg O'Reilly, played Stella Boniface very pleasantly. The small parts were in good hands.

The Glass has been given a regal setting. Joe Clare's scenery being very handsome and effective. This is Manager Stetson's first real departure as a stock-manager. Whatever difference of opinion there may be respecting the play, there is no source for complaint in the cast and the mounting he has spared no expense to give it. Confusion is to follow it soon, I understand, but that piece won't have much time for a run, since the Lily is to play an engagement at the Fifth Avenue in January.



A production at Wallack's is always an interesting event, but the production of a play from the pen of a New Yorker in this home of English comedy parodies of the extraordinary. The assemblage that gathered Tuesday night to witness *An American Wife*, by Judge Barrett, were thoroughly in keeping with the unusual nature of the occasion. The parquet

fairly bristled with learned legal craniums (*conferees* of the new playwright), and such a powerful array of bumps of knowledge was certainly never collected in a theatre before. I doubt if the plates and plaster casts in Fowler and Wells' establishment could furnish similar advantages to the observing phrenologist. There were many fashionable first-nighters present, too, and the house showed a sprinkling of well-known pros. It was an intellectual jury to decide on the merits of his Honor's play.

The plot of *An American Wife* is entertaining, although it isn't strikingly original. The action takes place at the villa of John Garner, a retired broker, situated among the Highlands of the Hudson. Edna, a young American girl, captivated by the blishments of a French count who wants her fortune, has wedded him. After a short period of married life, during which a boy is born to her, she is driven by her husband's neglect and Parisian dissipation to flee from him to America. When the play begins she has made the acquaintance of the Garners and, on being discovered by her husband, seeks refuge beneath their roof. She has enlisted the love and sympathy of a young lawyer named Lindsay, whose passion, on learning of her married state, turns into a fraternal solicitude, and so continues through the play. He seeks to assist her in getting rid of the obnoxious Count. But under the law, she having no legal proof of his infidelity, it is found impossible to secure a divorce. A separation will put the child—her idol and comfort—in the clutches of the immoral husband. Having no alternative, she decides to return with him to France, sacrificing her own happiness upon the altar of maternal love. But, opportunely, the lawyer procures the necessary proofs of the Count's faithlessness, and additional weapons in the evidence that he is a bigamist as well as a recreant spouse. This completely discomfits DeBeaumar, who is charitably allowed to escape, while the mother, after her trials, is restored to happiness.

There is a pretty underplot, skillfully woven into the main story. The loves of a couple of commonplace young men and pretty, colorless girls of the everyday stamp are made to relieve the sadness of the rest of the piece. The action is brisk, the dialogue pat, although occasionally didactic. The language is always elegant and lucid. Stupidity in this direction from a legal mind was expected; it was consequently a pleasant surprise to find the author a master of terse, vigorous, polished English. The long scene in which Lindsay explains the divorce laws to his client might easily have fallen into tediousness; but the subject was so cleverly and clearly handled that it became interesting. The comedy scenes, while far from brilliant, were pure and natural. The atmosphere of the piece is thoroughly American. The young people, though supposed to move in good society, were not snobbish, nor was there anything in their talk or deportment to indicate Anglomanias—a disease with which some of our playwrights think it necessary to infect their works. This delightful native flavor, if I may so term it, was most refreshing. The Judge has shown that a play can be made characteristically American without having resort to red-shirted miners and dirty camp-girls. The social phase of our life has never before been adequately placed upon our stage; the failure of several previous pieces written for that purpose must be ascribed to the incompetent style in which



the subject was handled. There was an air of good tone about the people who figure in the story of *An American Wife* that the audience quickly recognized as the first faithful reflection of our society they ever had from the stage. The one weak point is the absence of a strong love interest. There is a mild beginning of one in the first act, but it immediately after degenerates into a gruelly species of platonicism. People who go to the theatre, like people who read novels, aren't satisfied unless the old, old story is told to them. They will sympathize with a hero and heroine who go through all sorts of difficulties before their courtship comes to a happy and poetically just termination; but, although they're willing to witness that part of the love which doesn't run smooth, they want to go home feeling that the rapids have been passed successfully, and that all that's left is plain sailing. In this respect the good Judge's drama is defective.

It contains very little attempt at character drawing. The part of the Count is the single exception. This is an original and consistent piece of work. The contrast which he affords our own fair type of manhood, and the Frenchy motives which prompt his pursuit of Edna, is exceedingly strong.

The play was beautifully mounted. The exterior of the first act, with a view of the Hudson, is a splendid specimen of Goatcher's skill with the brush. Old Cro-Nest and his companions loomed up familiarly, and the river was so natural that it irresistibly recalled pleasant memories of bright Summer days spent on the commodious verandah of Roe's Hotel.

The acting was in keeping with the excellent taste pervading the entire production. Gerald Eyre bore off the honors by his marvellously clever acting as Count De Beaumar. It was a most vivid impersonation, displaying a knowledge of French character and Parisian manners really remarkable. When it is said that the villain received an enthusiastic recall after his final exit, the artistic ability Mr. Eyre exhibited in the rôle will be understood, particularly by my professional readers, who appreciate the difficulty of playing a rascal as well as to arouse the detestation of the audience and at the same time compel their admiration.

Tearle was gentlemanly as Lindsay, and earnest, too. But he lacks mental force, and in a part requiring that as well as a handsome appearance, he fails to reach the plane of true excellence. John Gilbert was broad and cheery as the old broker, Garner, and Madame

Ponzi, as his wife, rendered valuable assistance in spreading a pleasant delusion over their scenes. Charles Glenn, a capital light comedian, acted a Wall street chap, Bush Lightfoot, with grace and gentleness, Frank Adair, a youngster with nothing much to do, was nicely done by J. C. Buchanan. Mr. Edwin had the proper conception of an old negro family servant. Indeed, it was singular that a company composed for the most part of English people should adopt them selves so perfectly to the requirements of an American play as to satisfy an American audience.

Rose Coghlan in the part of the haunted wife Edna de Beaumar, had several strong opportunities of which she made good use. Of late this actress has developed a capacity for tender and sympathetic characters, which told eloquently a long time. Her acting was much applauded. Adela Messer was charming as Flora Garner, and Helen Russell, a society debutante, gave signs of aptitude which will, perhaps, bear good fruit when she acquires that repose of manner which serves as a background and which experience alone can bring. Two children, of an opposite sort, were well represented by Carrie Everts and Edie Gorman's little niece, May.



The Pavements of Paris also passed successfully through the crucible of public approval Tuesday night. The melodrama is freely adapted from Gabriel's "Slaves of Paris."

The piece illustrates that phase of Parisian life which French writers are fond of depicting. The plot is absorbing, the interest being well sustained from beginning to end. Structurally it is far more complete and compact than the majority of modern plays of its type.

The story would consume considerably more space than I have to spare to tell it carefully. The best place to find out a little about it is to pay a visit to Niblo's. It serves to introduce some magnificent sensational scenic effects and gives the auxiliaries a chance to incorporate some very realistic local coloring.

The scenery is superb. The most striking examples are the rag-pickers' quarters on the Boulevard de la Roche and the astounding interiors and railway tunnel in the third act. But all the scenes are the best that money and talent could produce. The spectacular beauties are shown with the precision of a dentist. The audience applauded almost unanimously, and the production, from every point of view, was voted a success. In the second act the Gracis did a lively clockwork dance in their agile and inevitable fashion.

The long cast includes several well-known people and a score or more of actors unknown to fame or to the writer. Harold Foster gave a strong representation of Pichon, the ruined gambler. His methods are broad and vigorous, and they pleased the house. C. G. Craig made a success of Maurice Peronne, acting with the skill that is born of capability and experience. He is an excellent actor. Felix Morris—always personating and always clever—made the peasant, Pouch, a droll creation. John Jack, albeit new and then inclined to overact, was on the whole satisfactory as the speculator, Bonneau. He is an old hand at melodrama.

Kate Meek was as dramatic as need be in the part of Madame de Launay. Sallie Williams displayed talent as Marie. Miss Daniels, Wood and Bijou Hernandez and Miss Michals contributed greatly to the general excellence of the cast.

The scenery, the acting and the close attention to every detail made the performance thoroughly enjoyable. The walls were necessarily long, and the last curtain did not fall until a late hour. When the cumbersome scenery gets into smooth working order this will be remedied, of course.



Three satisfactory productions are certainly enough for one week. Having had the privilege of photographing them, with the assistance of my graphic *conferees*, I can with equanimity bid my readers *adieu*, and subscribe myself, theirs heartily, PEN.

Vianesi's Record.

Taking advantage of a few minutes' respite from duty at the Metropolitan Opera House, Signor Vianesi chatted with a Mirror reporter.

"I was in London for twenty five years, and was connected with Covent Garden under the elder Gye. At St. Petersburg I directed the orchestra of the Italian opera for eight years, and at Paris for twelve years. I was also three years at Barcelona and two years at Madrid. In fact, during my life I have visited professionally every city in Europe in which Italian opera is given. When I selected my orchestra I picked the best men I could get in Europe, many of whom I had known nearly thirty years. From the Teatro Fenice I took fifty; from Wagner Opera House, Leipzig, fifteen; from the San Carlo, Naples, fifteen; five from London and one Brussels."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Mammoth Minstrelsy.

(By Telegram to the Mirror.)

Buffalo, Dec. 19.—Minstrelsy captured what crowds of interest were to be found Monday night. Probably 2,000 aesthetic souls gathered at Music Hall to see Callender's Colored Lilies. These artists, a full hundred in number, presented an excellent entertainment.

Wheat's 7-20-8, at Wible's, brought out only a medium house. The Academy of Music fared worse than any. The Power of Money had no drawing power. The attendance was very slim.

Harry Miner's Comedy Four, at the Adelphi, opened to a full house.

A Big Ship to Success.

(By Telegram to the Mirror.)

San Francisco, Dec. 19.—After a big jump over the plains, Louis Harrison and John Gourlay opened at the Bush on Monday night to a very large house. Skipped by the Light of the Moon made a great hit.

Frank Range III.

(By Telegram to the Mirror.)

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 19.—In the first scene of The Silver King, on Monday night, Frank Range was suddenly taken ill. The audience was diminished. Last night he had recovered sufficiently to go on.

Heavy Snow in Portland.

(By Telegram to the Mirror.)

Cincinnati, Dec. 19.—A heavy snow-storm, lasting all day and night, seriously interfered with the box-office receipts at the Grand opening, though W. J. Ferguson, at the Grand, and Fay Thompson's Comic Opera company, at the People's, were fortunate in securing a reasonably fair attendance.

N. D. Roberts, of Humpty Dumpty fame, is in the city heralding the many excellencies of Monte Cristo, underlined at Robinson's for week of 24th.

The Weatherly sisters, Jennie and Eme, are here resting preparatory to the opening of Hobbes, which is booked at the Grand for next week.

Miscellaneous.

(By Telegram to the Mirror.)

Richmond, N. Y., Dec. 19.—John McCullough had a packed house Monday night, appearing in Virginia. Last night he played Drums, in Julius Caesar. The amusement-gone are on tip-toe in anticipation of Margaret Mather's appearance at the Academy next week. I predict for her the largest business ever done in this city.

Providence, Dec. 19.—The weather was stormy on Monday. The Daily-Devotion company, a new organization, under C. B. Palmer's management, presented Vacation at the Providence. The piece is a very ordinary vehicle for variety business. Thomas Daly and his wife, Little Devotions, are the only people in the company worth mentioning. The company remains but three nights, instead of the week.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.—The Silver King opened to good house at the Opera House. Rhea had a fair attendance at Library Hall. The Academy was packed at the opening performance of the Kernell, Wheatley and Traynor combination.

Rehan and the Bill-Posters.

Arthur Rehan and the New England bill-posters do not seem to pull together. The Mayor of Newburyport, Mass., has licensed a bill-posting firm, giving them a monopoly. Objecting to their extortionate charges, Mr. Rehan's agent set up lithographs in a prominent show-window. Those the posting firm removed with the aid of a policeman. In about a half a hour, however, the bill-poster returned and hung up the bills from where he had taken them down. Mr. Atkinson, the proprietor of the store, and whose place is the headquarters for ticket-selling, is determined to contend for what he believes to be his rights. He believes that no man has a right to take a package from his store and walk away with it without permission, and had the lithographs not been quickly returned a warrant for larceny would have been put into an officer's hands.

The affair caused much comment in the town, and the Mayor has been condemned for granting the license. A correspondent in the Herald of that place says: "It is understood that his Honor assumed this authority in order to protect the community from the exhibition of such posters as those which appeared in connection with the Jesse James troupe. But how does he reconcile with this sentiment the fact that he has, only recently, permitted the conspicuous display of the far more impure, indecent and injurious posters announcing the Bents-Santley company? No; it is evident that his intent was not merely this pretended 'protection,' but the granting of a monopoly to a firm which is now enabled to charge exorbitant prices for doing work which any citizen of Newburyport has a right to do for himself. We sincerely hope that some interested party will take this matter in hand immediately and bring before the courts the question as to the legality of the enforcement of such an arbitrary and unauthorized license."

The Herald, commenting on an impudent letter sent it by the bill-posting firm, says: "The writers misunderstand the power given them by their license. They might as well claim that the city had power to license them to pick pockets, as to remove a lithograph from any one's store window. If they should display an objectionable picture, that would be matter for the police; but the city government can confer no authority on bill posters to enter a person's premises to remove property entrusted to him, or for any purpose whatever."

The Mirror upholds the Herald in its stand, and would like to see it keep up an agitation over the nuisance until it is abated.

A. C. Guter left for Baltimore Tuesday morning, taking with him the new play he has written for the Knights. The hard work he has done during the past week to complete this piece in time prevented his contributing to the Christmas Mirror as he had intended.

The Redmond Grand Opera House, at Grand Rapids, Mich., is one of the leading theaters in the Northwest. It has a seating capacity of 1,200. The upholstery is of the best. The stage is 35x50, with 100 ft. of scenery. Every dressing-room is furnished with hot and cold water.

Professional Delays.



Beatrice Lieb, a picture of whom is above presented, is winning praise for her excellent representation of Rosa Marks in Shock and Collier's Lights of London company. Miss Lieb, although she has not been long before the public, has risen rapidly in her profession.

The Only Leon and Frank Cushman are or gaining comedy company.

The new opera house at Pottsville, Pa., will be opened on New Year's Day.

Gabrielle Boema has been engaged for the Theodore Thomas concert tour.

Her Majesty's Royal Court Minstrels collapsed at Napanee, Ont., last week.

The highest salary in the Ethel Tucker company, lately disbanded, was \$15.

R. M. Field has secured the New England right for Gilbert and Sullivan's Princess.

The New Standard Theatre, St. Louis, has taken rank as one of the best combination houses in the West.

Last week's engagement of the Hoop of Gold in Jersey City was one of the successes of the season there.

Huntsville, Ala., is looming up as a "show town." The limiting of attractions to two a week accounts for this.

The weeks of Feb. 18 and March 31 are open at the Wilmington (N. C.) Opera House. The limit is one attraction a week.

F. M. Burbeck is making a reputation with the Planter's Wife company. During Harry Lacy's illness he was the substitute in leading business.

The Cincinnati Lodge of Elks has been tendered a benefit, to take place at the Grand on Saturday, with Ferguson in A Friendly Tip as the attraction.

Mr. Martin, of the American Marriage company, arranged to meet his company Wednesday at Alexander Brown's office and settle all claims in full.

The Penders, John and Jeffreys, are classed among the more refined of the variety profession. Their neat sketches have made them popular wherever they appear.

H. W. Williamson is holding a sort of dramatic festival at Cumberland, Md., this week. The attractions are Hanley's McSorley's Inflection, Maggie Mitchell and Oliver Doud Byron.

Gustave Frohman, William Welch and Messrs. Murray and Franklin are in Cincinnati booming the Minstrel Festival, which comes off at Music Hall the first week in January.

The engravings in this issue were executed by the Moss Engraving Company. The excellence of the work and the fidelity and promptness with which they fill orders are deserving of this little notice.

Manager Corbett, of the Aurora (Ill.) Opera House, writes that he is more and more convinced that his adopting THE MIRROR'S one-a-week plan has been the means of materially swelling his bank-account and placing his city at the head of the list of one-night stands in Illinois. Thus far this season he has refused more dates than he has booked, simply because he would not crowd in entertainments. The result has been large business—heretofore unprecedented in that city. The last three entertainments drew over \$1,400.

A feature of our Christmas Number is a highly dramatic and interesting story, illustrative of the inner life of the stage, trials, temptations and triumphs, from the pen of the distinguished elocutionist, Mr. George Vandenhoff, whose varied experience, both of the English and American theatres, has made him quite an encyclopedia of dramatic anecdote and story. His readings from Shakespeare, poetry and Dickens, recently, at the Association Hall, formed an admirable and varied entertainment. The dramatic power, the poetic sentiment, and the lively humor of the different authors, illustrated by his voice, action and facial expression, wrought up the immense audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, expressed in vehement and unanimous applause and frequent recalls of the artist. The story that we announce is a charming addition to his "Leaves of an Actor's Notebook," published by Appleton and Co. some years ago, and re-published in several editions in London.

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Emma Marston.

BY GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

In a provincial theatre in the North of England, many years ago, a most remarkable and interesting incident occurred, which crowned the career of Kotzebue's play of *The Stranger*. It was a bit of the inner life of an artist brought into parallelism with her professional existence; the romance of the actual even surpassing in interest the fictitious stage-situation, the two being blended in a most alluring manner. It was thus:

The character of the erring and penitent wife (Mrs. Haller) was performed by a Mrs. Marston, who had been engaged for a short series of nights at the theatre in the town of M—. Her history, which was well known at the time in theatrical circles, made her, wherever she went, an object of much sympathy; while her high moral character, the purity of her life, and her scrupulous respect for the conventions of society, secured for her general esteem. She was the daughter of a banker of eminence, who, by no fault of his own, in a period of wide-spread disaster, had been compelled to stop payment and become a hopeless bankrupt. His wife he had lost many years before. In Emma, his only child, he had concentrated all the devotion of a father's love. Her accomplishments, which formed the delight of her happier days, were now, in her reverse of fortune, called into play to support herself and aged father. Her tender devotion was active and unwearied. Still, day by day, the prematurely old man visibly declined. She saw, with a silent sinking of the heart, the haggard lines in his face deepen, the cheeks wither, the eyes grow more hollow. In brief, after lingering a few weeks, gradually sinking like an exhausted lamp, his life went out, and she was alone. Then, for the first time, the orphan girl knew what desolation was. Emma Chalmers found herself

Abandoned of her velvet friends,

and, in the dark hour of sorrow, alone with her grief. There was a young man named Marston, who had held a second-rate clerkship in Mr. Chalmers' banking-house, to whom the old man had always manifested a particular partiality. Young Marston had shown great fidelity to the ruined banker; had been assiduous in his desire to serve him in his change of fortune, and had frequently sat with him on an evening, aiding him to examine and disentangle certain private accounts and correspondence from which the old gentleman thought something might be made available for his ruined fortune. This had, of course, brought the young man into contact with Emma. His devotion gradually won the daughter's confidence. She so far took advantage of his friendly aid as to employ him to be the medium between herself and the keepers of shops for the sale of fancy articles; to dispose of the products of her pencil and needle in the shape of little sketches, flowers painted on velvet, and rich embroideries. For these good offices she could not but be grateful.

When Emma found herself compelled to turn aside from her sorrow and tears over her father's death-bed to the sacred duty of his obsequies, it was a great relief to her to have Marston at hand; and with perfect confidence she consigned to his care the arrangements for the simple funeral. He, delicately but assiduously, took upon himself the responsibility of all the details. In the sad solitude that followed the funeral, Emma, seated at the work which gave her daily bread, could not but look back with a deep sense of gratitude on the kind solicitude and delicate zeal which Marston had exhibited. Young Marston was head over ears in love with the girl; but he nursed his passion in silence, hardly in hope. Emma's solitary and unprotected situation was a bar to his visits at her cottage. After a time, however, with Emma's permission, he introduced his sister to her. She became a constant visitor, and under cover of this sister's wing he had more frequent opportunities to see her. They were almost her only friends.

No wonder, then, that Marston's wooing incessantly thrived. Without being in love with him, she esteemed him as a tried friend. And when, after a year's devotion to her, he prayed her to give him the right of protecting her for life, she yielded to his suit with a feeling of gratitude utterly devoid of passion, and not entirely free from vague fear and forebodings. So they were married, quietly and unostentatiously. For nearly two years all went tolerably well. Yet she was painfully conscious at times, though she avoided confessing it even to herself, that he was not her equal in power of character or intellectual culture. He had started in the wine business, in a small way at first, and his associations and companions were not, in general, such as suited Emma's more elevated standard, or at all matched with the society she had been accustomed to. Her reception of his friends, therefore, though courteous, lacked cordiality; and she took, on all occasions, the earliest possible opportunity of slipping away from their company. For this, her constantly-pleaded excuse was her child, a sweet little cherub, named Marie, now a year old, in which Emma's whole soul seemed rapt. By degrees, as Marston found that his associates and his amusements had little attraction for his wife, he became jealous of his own child, and broke into angry approaches of the mother. Painful scenes sometimes occurred between them. His passion for her had died out; his pride was mortified by her evident superiority.

So on each side love fell away and indifference succeeded. Emma indeed found consolation in her child and the thousand sweet cares that make a mother's happiness. Marston found resources in the society of his friends, such as they were, and by degrees fell into habits of expense and dissipation. Very soon his business began to suffer from neglect, and Emma found herself surrounded of many indulgences that had heretofore been even pressed upon her. Shortly, even the necessary expenditures for the house and her own dress were very much cut down. Meanwhile, the husband sank lower and lower, and became at last a confirmed drunkard. Once more she became dependent upon the needle. About this time, when her spirits were at the lowest, a gentleman called at the house desiring to see Mrs. Marston. It was one Mr. Salter. She recognized him as that of a number of the theatrical companies had formerly been a visitor at her father's house, and from whom she had received her education. With some hesi-

tation and great delicacy, he stated the object of his visit and the reason of his coming. He had, he said, highly esteemed her father, and in his days of prosperity had occasionally been assisted by him with loans at times when he was out of an engagement. He had now, however, attained such a position on the London stage as secured to him a fair and permanent income, and he was happy to be able to repay the amount of those loans with interest to the daughter of his late respected friend. That was the purpose of his visit. He then paid her two hundred and fifty-six pounds sterling and requested an acknowledgment. This was given. The money came in an hour of most pressing need, and Emma was deeply grateful. Mr. Salter's visit revived in her mind an idea that had before flattered in her imagination as a means of independence—the stage. In earlier days she had acquired quite a reputation in private theatricals. Mr. Salter's visit had recalled her recollection of these successes and reawakened a slumbering desire to try her fortune before the public. With a pardonable, though, perhaps, too ready superstition, she began to look upon the actor's visit and the sum of money which came to her, as it were, from the grave, as a sort of providential intimation to her of the step she should take, at the same time furnishing her partially with the means to carry it out.

Her determination was made up. A few days after, she wrote a polite note to Mr. Salter, requesting him to again favor her with a visit. He very shortly obeyed, and she entered upon a discussion of the purpose she had in view. Like a prudent and honorable man, the actor very fully pointed out to her all the difficulties of the career which she proposed to adopt. He drew such an unpromising picture of an actress's life as might have well deterred her from the trial. But she explained to him fully the urgent motives that impelled her to the step. Did her husband know and approve of her design? he asked. He did not, and there were reasons why, for the present, she wished it to be kept secret from him. Upon this, Mr. Salter positively declared that, till she could come to him with her husband's approval, he would not have any hand in furthering her plans. Of course, Emma could make no answer to the actor's very proper course; and she esteemed him for it. But there was the dreadful task of opening the matter to her husband and obtaining his consent. It must be done. At first Marston was fierce in his opposition. He reproached her with an intention to disgrace him, and refused to listen to her. Whenever she recurred to it afterward it was the occasion of a painful scene.

Meanwhile ruin followed. Marston was declared insolvent, and stripped of his fortune by his creditors, he was compelled, with his wife and child, to take humble lodgings and to look about for the means of subsistence. The money paid to her by the actor was indeed a godsend; it was their only means of support. Marston, beggared and broken in spirit, fell sick. Emma nursed him faithfully, and when he had recovered and was full of gratitude for her kind care, she made a final appeal to him for his consent to her seeking on the stage an income that should secure them from want in future. Finally, after a struggle, he yielded.

Mr. Salter was once more requested to call. The result was that he undertook the task of her instruction, and under his experienced guidance she advanced so surely, and so quickly took up every hint he gave her, that after six months' preparation he allowed her to make her appearance. The part selected for her debut was Beatrice, in *Much Ado*, and her grace, animation, sweet voice and elegant delivery were warmly acknowledged by public and manager.

It happened, fortunately for her, that a new piece, from the pen of a popular author, had just been accepted by the theatre, and the second role in the piece, one requiring in its representation, beauty, grace and refined expression, was entrusted to her talent. She was engaged for the remainder of the season. The papers unanimously extolled her, and half the young fellows in town fell in love with her. Her husband looked upon her success with a sort of sullen approval, destitute of all hearty encouragement. She of course soon found herself introduced to authors and artists, happy to receive her into their circle. She began to find life no longer wearisome; her professional duties gave it an agreeable stimulus that excited her ambition. While her husband, neglecting home, gave himself up to his boon companions and his low pleasures, she found consolation in the smiles and dawning intelligence of her little Marie.

Two years passed away, during which she diligently pursued the study and practice of her art, every day increasing her popularity. She was entrusted with several original roles of the first importance. Meanwhile her husband sank lower and lower. He had become so rooted in sordid habits and so entirely given up to low associations that her friends had long advised her to cast him off. She hesitated long before she could bring herself to do so, but at length regard for herself and the future of her child and respect for the opinion of her friends induced her to authorize her lawyer to take the necessary steps for a separation. With much difficulty it was arranged. She was to allow her wretched husband a quarterly sum of money. Little Marie was, of course, to remain with her. Thus relieved, the year that followed seemed to be, by contrast, a life of perfect happiness. This state of contentment was, however, destined to a rude interruption. At the end of the year her husband, regardless of the terms of the deed of separation, began to annoy her both at her house and at the theatre. He would call at the door of each and insist on seeing her, and when repulsed he became abusive and violent. When her lawyer interfered the fellow laughed in his face and sneeringly demanded to know what law there was to prevent a husband seeing his wife when he pleased. When referred to the deed of separation, he expressed himself entirely dissatisfied with its terms, and finally demanded that his wife should pay him at once a sum of money in a lump—a thousand pounds—to enable him to start in business for himself, and swore that he would then trouble her no more.

Her lawyer refused to entertain the proposition, and held Marston strictly to the terms of the deed of separation. The latter left the lawyer's office threatening vengeance. Emma had engaged to attend on her little darling, a very nice, well-conducted and kindly young woman, whose care of and affection for the child quite satisfied even the mother's wishes. So that when she left home in the evening for her duty at the theatre, she could feel perfect confidence that in her absence her dear one would be thoughtfully and lovingly tended. But she had not taken into account the in-

genuity of malice, or the devices of a bad heart and a depraved mind for the corruption of fidelity.

One evening, as she entered her brougham to go to the theatre, she felt an unaccountable depression of spirits. She returned, by a sudden impulse, to her little Marie once again, and then cautioned Ann Jones, the nurse, to be more than ordinarily careful of her charge. It struck her, at the time, that Ann responded rather sullenly, and seemed strangely altered in manner. Alas! it was the mother's instinct "tugging at her heart-strings," and warning her of danger to her cradled darling. The moment the play was over she hastily dressed herself and hurried homeward. She sprang from the carriage and flew up-stairs to the chamber where her darling slept. The room was empty and the little crib tenantless!

"Good God!" she exclaimed, and darted to the bell. Where was Ann Jones? Where was the child? The cook, half asleep, replied with a stupid air: "Good gracious! I've seen nothing of them, ma'am, since you left." Her strength gave way and she fell insensible to the floor.

All search that night and next day were vain. The police were of course called in for aid; but with no success. Under the terrible, never-ending suspense, Emma's health gave way, and she sank down in a low fever that prostrated her for many weeks. On her recovery, her first question was for her little Marie! Alas! there was no little Marie to lie on her yearning bosom. But her lawyer had words of comfort for her. There were hopes that Marie might be recovered. Now, really, the lawyer had discovered nothing. He had from the first concluded that Marston was the prime mover in the abduction. He had endeavored to entice him to an interview, which the brute cautiously avoided. The lawyer had, however, received an anonymous letter stating that the child would be restored to its mother if the father were "properly dealt with."

Meanwhile, Marston, who had obtained employment as outdoor clerk in a counting-house in London, continued his dissipated life. One morning, after a more than usually prolonged debauch, the weather being overpoweringly hot, he fell down in the street, and was carried to his lodgings in a fit of apoplexy. After the doctor had carefully administered to him and bandages of ice had been applied for hours to his head, he recovered consciousness sufficiently to be able to signify his desire to see his wife. Emma was accordingly sent for; but by the time she arrived her wretched husband's state was much worse. He could with difficulty be brought to recognize her. When at length remembrance seemed to dawn upon him, his countenance assumed a most painful expression of anxiety; and an impotent attempt at utterance only succeeded in bringing out sounds that were interpreted to be "Your child—send to—" and then broke off. It was clear he was laboring to reveal the secret. He expired in the effort, leaving the poor mother agonized at the breaking down of her last hope.

The result to her was a relapse, which threatened her life. Youth and a strong constitution, however, carried her through; but suffering left traces on her cheek and brow deeper than the marks of ten years could have done. When she returned to the practice of her profession her features had assumed a severe and matronly character. From that time she began to devote herself to the more sombre roles of the drama, and acquired high distinction in characters in which the feelings of an outraged wife or heart-broken mother were the principal features.

Two years after the loss of little Marie she came to be starring in the theatre, and, among other parts, appeared in that of *The Stranger*. In the last scene the children of a sinning wife and a heart-broken husband are introduced as a means to effect a reconciliation. These children usually belong to some subordinate in the theatre, and are up in their parts. On this occasion, therefore, Emma did not see the children in the morning at rehearsal.

The moment arrived. The *Stranger* and Mrs. Haller have gone through their final interview, the farewell word has been spoken, and each, turning away, is encountered by one of the children—the husband by the girl, the wife by the boy.

When Emma, as Mrs. Haller, having convulsively embraced the boy, turned to receive in her arms the girl, her eye fell on a sweet child, with light auburn flowing locks and blue eyes, so exactly the image of her lost Marie that the actress started with amazement and stood with fixed eyes, parted lips and heaving bosom, entranced, as it were, between doubt and hope. The child, too, seemed to show excitement, and at length, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" ran toward her. The recognition was simultaneous. With a shriek that rang through the house, Emma tottered forward, caught her new-found treasure in her arms, pressed her convulsively to her breast, and fell in a hysterical passion, to the ground. The effect on the audience was electric. They saw in the perfection of acting: a mother's ecstatic rapture at the sight of a long-parted child faithfully expressed by an accomplished artist. The scene was greeted with rapturous and long-continued applause.

To the loud call for her reappearance, the only answer that could be given was that Mrs. Marston, overcome by the tension of her nerves, and the efforts in the last scene, was not in a state to respond to the wishes of the audience. They laughed at this. They thought it was an actress' affectation. They little dreamt that it was the apology of a mother who had found a long-lost child, overpowered by rapture agony of her heart, which she would fain screen from the public gaze. You will ask how it happened. I will tell you.

Ann Jones had a sweetheart named Perry, a rather wild young fellow, a carpenter in the theatre in London at which Emma was engaged. Marston, never very choice in the haunts he frequented, had met this young man occasionally at a tavern in Drury Lane, and had treated him to sundry pints of beer and other potations. Marston thought, perhaps, some day to turn Perry's intimacy with Ann Jones, his child's nurse, to account. When his demands on Emma were positively refused by her lawyer, he swore vengeance. He began to sound Perry to learn how far he could be made an accomplice in his plan. He represented to Perry that his (Marston's) wife was living in affluence and luxury, while he himself was put off with a mere pittance, and even denied a sight of his child. Would Perry assist him in what was clearly his rights? He (Marston) would assist him, through the nurse, he (Marston) would give him twenty pounds down and get him a situation as head carpenter in a first-class provincial theatre, two hundred miles

from London. He could marry Ann Jones at once and take her away with him. Perry consented to the infamous scheme. Poor Ann Jones was terrified at the first hint of what was expected of her. But she was not proud against the importunities of her lover. So, after many bitter tears and sleepless nights, she consented to betray her trust. Accordingly, on the appointed night, at dark Perry made a concerted signal at the window, and Ann Jones, with a wildly beating heart and eyes streaming with remorseful tears, took the sleeping Marie in her arms, wrapped her up warmly, descended the staircase and opened the front door with noiseless tread. There she was met by Perry and Marston, who hurried her to a cab, which was standing in waiting. In an hour they were in a second class railway carriage speeding for Liverpool. Perry received his bribe from Marston and a weekly stipend for the bringing up of little Marie.

After Marston's death and the remittances had ceased, the couple kept Marie as their own, tenderly caring for her. But she was a perpetual subject of remorse to Ann, who frequently prayed her husband to allow her to restore the child to its mother. His answer was, "All in good time," and he never got nearer than this to the act of reparation. From Liverpool Perry and his wife had gone to M—, where he was engaged as carpenter at the theatre. After a time, little Marie came to be sent frequently on to the stage in children's parts, for which her beauty and grace strongly recommended her, and by which the supposed parents reaped a trifling remuneration.

Now, when Ann Jones saw her late mistress name announced to appear at the theatre, her remorse became too strong even for her fear of her husband. She determined to restore the dear child to its mother. In the play of *The Stranger* she saw her opportunity. She resolved to try the experiment which we have seen, and to trust to good nature and good fortune for the result. Emma was unable to appear the next and for several successive nights. The true version of the story meantime got wind in the town. The greatest sympathy was expressed for the mother; she became the centre of public interest, so that, when she did reappear, her reception was most enthusiastic. The play was forgotten; art was nothing, nature all. And nothing could satisfy the public sympathy and intense interest—not mere vulgar curiosity—but the appearance of Emma, holding little Marie by her hand, to receive the congratulations of the excited audience.

An Actors' Fund Address.

(IT IS SPOKEN BY AN ACTRESS.)

BY CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.

Standing before you on this chosen night,
Mid beauty's blaze and charity's pure light,
Friends of the painted scene and mimic stage,
Two pictures all my mind and heart engage.
Far in some country vale, beside a brook,
Sits a fair youth—upon his lap a book.
He reads, and visions throng upon his view,
Such as before he ne'er conceived nor knew.
How bright, how bright, how lovely to the eye—
Behold the pages of the soul go by!
He reads, and Romeo rises to his sight;
He reads, and Richelieu towers in might;
He reads, and Rover sports away in joy
The hours that make the man again the boy.
"Oh, could he be these heroes he beholds!"
The student cries, as up his book he folds.
He seeks the town, he seeks the doors obscure,
Up darkening stairs he climbs, which fame assure.
The lamps are lit, the curtain drawn, and he—
Walks forth in pride and holds that house in fee.
He is that Romeo, whose our fancies raise,
Breathing sweet triumphs and fiery lover's lays—
That Richelieu, tottering on years of power,
And the roused patriot in the traitor-hour.
Then, sparkling Rover, he renews for all
The clear, gay laugh and happy stroller's call.
Each bosom in the circle of the crowd
Responsive beats to his, or still or loud.
Applause attests the victor in his art
And hail the monarch of the people's heart.
So, many a day and many a night
He shines, as if in unextinguishable light;
But years with actors, as with other men,
Speed on; Fate writes for him, "Your day hath been!"
And he, who triumphs all shall pass away.
And so—the eye grows dim—the dimpling play
Fades on the cheek—less light the foot—the hand
Fails lost the magic gesture of command.
The high, the midnight pomp of power declines,
He seeks the town, he seeks the doors obscure,
And broken fall from feeble lips the golden lines.
The walking-staff the truncheon both displace,
And grey-haired years the crown no more will grace.
From festal halls and thrones, whose voice was doom,
See that proud actor narrowed to a room
Too small for life—a scanty fire is all
Of sunshine that his own he now can call.
Lo! on you meagre couch your Romeo lies;
No eager nurse his anxious hopes supplies.
There—there, at last of all his powers shorn,
The fortune-broken Richelieu lies forlorn.
Can that be Rover? In his faded eye
Who can the light of happier days decay?
Shall that be Romeo, who so oft who nightly lit
For you the torch of genius and of wit?
Who gave your youth and all their noon of life
To chase for you the care, the pain, the strife—
Who made you welcome to their scenic world
And there for you their banners all unfurled?
Thanks, friends of art, your nobler selves revealing,
For those who feel for you with brother feeling,
Sweet bounty's tide to full, and bear along,
Cheering and cheered, these foster sons of song.
Each generous hand doth proudly thus repay
The debt to him who lost his all "in play."
Then may you feel that you are heroes too,
For the brave acts you've seen you now will do.
Is there no word for woman's aged sadness?
She, the chief glory of the drama's gladness?
The heart who prompts his speech protests that we—
We of the gentler sex, require no aid.
Your hearts are with us; no appeal
Could stir the man nor make that bosom feel
Which of itself is apt not to warm embrace
In her dear cause—here is this cause, and here this place!

Rosie's Christmas Eve.

BY M. R. CURTIS.

"I am very sorry, but our company is filled," was ringing through my brain in all its various changes—"sorry filled, company filled"—as, wearied to death with my fruitless search for an engagement, I was stumbling home to my garret and to my starving wife and child. Only then did I remember that it was the night before Christmas, and, as the piercing wind swept through my light clothing the parting words of my good old father became blended with the refrain, "You will be sorry—Christmas home—company filled—home the best," until I became half wild and ran across the deserted streets, covered with snow, crushed and soiled with mud. The snow borne on the wintry gale was stinging my face as I dreamed of hot joys, and my heart was filled with the desolate sorrow of an eternal morrow. I was hoping against that hope which sometimes shines under the cinders of despair, for I had yet left a bare spark of that which is sufficient to light a fire in the human breast. All the bells of the great city, which rang out with difficulty in the heavy, snowy air, had struck twelve, and the mournful silence of the frosty night seemed unbroken save here and there by a shadow gliding along the walls; while, in the distance, nothing was seen but the yellow reflection of the street lamps.

A dark and narrow street opened before me; the pavement was muddy and bordered like a royal mantle with a large hem of the ermine snow; the tall, irregular houses were ugly, and

the windows black and dirty; not a face to be seen except near the middle of the street, where some bright raptures out of a car to my lips against the merchants of gold and the commoners of vice who thronged the sidewalks in their thousands. A cry resounded in space, a lamentation of a victim held by the throat. Then fragments of laughter and sob, and calls of "Help!" help!" from wild voices. Suddenly the sound of a heavy fall, and the noise of broken china, which, falling on the snowy pavement, rang like diamonds. When the door was thrown violently open and "Murder! help!" was shouted, I rushed forward with anguish at my heart and the bitter taste of blood upon my lips. On the threshold I ran against an enormous, short-headed old woman shaking with fright, who, taking me for a policeman, cried "Don't take me; it was not my fault; it was Big Kate that killed her!"

Entering, I saw a hideous scene. In a large, white room ornamented with gilt, with red curtains, and filled with tawdry furniture, were beings with wild faces, bearded their rage, eyes burning with fever, with disheveled hair, trembling with fear, and with cries coming from their parched throats like the howlings of panthers. In a corner, held by three men, from whom anger and fear had driven drunk, was a wretched woman; inert, helpless, with fixed eyes and inflamed brow, taken with a homicidal rage; and there, upon the floor, Rosie, called "the pale one," lay writhing in agony, a knife buried to the hilt in her breast, the handle rising and falling with each labored breath. A little rivulet of blood ebbed and fell in quick drops on the vulgar flowers in the carpet, turning the yellow into purple. She was a child, strangely beautiful, her black, crispy hair crowning the brow of a queen; large sea-green eyes; eyelashes darkened with kohl, and lips that seemed ideal in their pure form. Her face was already invaded by the pallor of death, but there remained upon it a stamp of wonderful serenity. I was fascinated by the look of humble supplication that she threw upon me, and made a step in advance, while the old woman, having sent for the police, stood stupidly on the door-step and called "A doctor! a doctor!" The other women huddled together and cried silently, like wounded hares, looking at the blood that smoked on the white linen in scarlet patches, with a slight foam. Rosie raised herself, her arm passed around the neck of the girl, who, mute with terror, held her. Gently, with a sweet gesture, she made signs that she would speak. I knelt by her, nearer, nearer, and, with a voice like a breath, she murmured the words, "A priest!" A priest in that filthy hole at midnight, between the punished sinner and that criminal promised to the scaffold, before that old culture and her group of female slaves—a priest!

My look was of such surprise that Rosie made a supreme effort, and with heart-rending sighs murmured louder, "A priest—I am dying! I want a priest." The doctor arrived and quickly saw that his visit was useless. "She has, perhaps, an hour to live, and even then she must not be moved; she will die without suffering," he said, with that indifference of a person to whom death is only a cessation of life. Rosie gave me a look of despair that moved me to the depths of my soul, and, with "Yes, I am going," I ran off. A few moments later I rang the bell at the door of a church. After a brief delay the lock was turned, and, on entering the sacristy, I saw a priest watching, an old man, simple and good-natured, almost vulgar, and apparently fatigued.

"Is it for some one who is ill, my son?" he asked, as he prepared the necessary articles. I needed all my courage to answer: "Alas! it is for a dying one whose minutes are numbered. It is a woman who has been struck with a knife. A miserable wretch—in a place where she, with others, lived on vice."

The good old priest started with a gesture of repulsion. He reddened a moment, and then, in a low voice, said:

"Could you not have taken her elsewhere?" "No father; one moment would kill her. Perhaps you do not care to come, but the unhappy creature demands a priest. If you abandon her she will die in despair, not only far from you, but far from God."

The priest made a sign to his clerk, who took up his stole and sacred vases, and rising with dignity, said: Conduct me, my son, and God will keep an account of my charity."

As we went through the streets, filled with snow, not a word was spoken, for we were both penetrated with emotion, and dreamed of that Providence that sanctified the Magdalen and received Himself a baptism of blood. The police had taken Big Kate away. She left silently, without a last look of hate at her victim. No one was in the room but the doctor, an amiable skeptic, curious to see the outcome of the strange proceedings, and the poor girls who, with the instinct of modesty yet left them, had hastily taken the curtains and whatever they could find to cover themselves, all on their knees. With fear and trembling, their hearts palpitating with emotion, they waited, and as, by the light of the hall-gas, they saw me enter, walking bare-headed before the priest, followed by a crowd of curious people, who were stopped by the police, they all bowed their heads. Some tried to make a vague sign of the cross, and some murmured parts of prayers, long since forgotten.

The priest entered with a firm tread, his hands crossed in front of his stole and his eyes downcast. He wished to see nothing but the dying one. Rosie, the pale, lying on the carpet, was suddenly transfigured. Scarcely fervid, an indescribable smile, illuminated her wretched and beautiful face; she seemed as though struck with pardon from Heaven as she raised her eyes with a look of infinite thanks. The good old priest approached, knelt, and held the cross before her who was expiating her sins by death. He said: "My daughter, God comes to you because you called Him, and you go to Him who is all forgiveness." Two great tears rolled down the cheeks of the penitent. "God here?" she said, with an accent that vibrated her whole soul.

And there, in that temple of vice, in the presence of its devotees that fear had turned into statues, and who were subjugated with the grandeur of that scene on those boards soiled with blood, the priest received the confession of the repentant sinner. When they saw him place his venerable hands upon the happy brow of the dying girl and bless her, not one could restrain the sobs that burst from them. Rosie raised her weak and trembling voice: "Forgive me, my poor friends, and forgive me, and don't forget God." Then, with a heart-rending cry, she fell back, her muscles relaxed. Rosie was dead. As the priest closed her eyes he said: "Let her rest in peace. It is her Christmas Eve."

